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68 PAGES

BULGARIANS ADVANCE ON NISH-DANUBE RAILWAY

Nish-Danube Railway, Important Line of Communication, Is Reported Taken by Invaders; Cuts Off Assistance from Russia

40,000 Bulgarian Troops Are Also Said to Have Attacked Nish-Saloniki Railroad, But to Have Met with Repulse.

ATHENS, Oct. 16.—(France-Belgium) News left Salonika on Saturday morning for the Serbian frontier.

The railway administration at Salonika was ordered to prepare every train for the transport of troops to Greece.

By International News Service.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—(The Central News) has received the following dispatch via Amsterdam:

"The Bulgarians have crossed the Serbian frontier over the whole line. The Nish-Danube railway, running through the Timok Valley, is no longer in Serbian power."

A Berlin dispatch says: "The Timok Valley, with the Nish-Danube railway, is no longer in the Serbian possession. Such in connection with Russia is thus secured."

The Berlin official statement today announced that the Bulgarians have forced the frontier passes between Serbia and Romania."

Regard is now being given to its junction with the Timok, and apparently it was this force that took possession of the railway.

CUTS OFF SUPPLY LINE.

The Nish-Danube railway runs from the Roumanian front to the war capital of Serbia. Bulgarian control of this railway would paralyze any attempt on Roumanian's part to assist Serbia, should the former decide to desert from her neutrality. More important still, it will cut off the Russian line of aid to the Serbian forces.

It has been reported that Russian troops have been sent to assist Serbian troops through Roumania.

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True Neutrality Forbids Aid to Any of the Warring Nations, Declares Mr. Hearst

To the Editor of the American:

Recent dispatches tell that Mr. Henry Ford is being penalized in England and Canada and in France and Italy for having felt and said that it was not good diplomacy nor good business for the people of the United States to subscribe to foreign war loans.

It will not benefit the cause of the European warring nations in America for them to seek to punish an American for a patriotic opinion or utterance. Mr. Ford is not apparently hostile to the allies or hostile to the Germans. He merely believes that this conflict in Europe is a very desperate and disastrous one, that there is no knowing in what destruction and prostration it may end.

Mr. Ford declares, therefore, that we should not as neutrals contribute money to protract this murderous and destructive warfare, and that we should not as business men subscribe to a loan which is involved in the possibilities of desperate deprecation and perhaps repudiation through the contingencies of war and revolution.

There are a great many people in America who share Mr. Ford's views; in fact, a vast majority of the people of America agree with Mr. Ford through purely humanitarian and patriotic reasons.

The Democratic Administration at Washington agreed with Mr. Ford when the loan sought in this country was a German one, and it was only when the loan sought in this country was an allied loan, operated through the influence of the Morgan syndicate, that the Administration became favorable to war loans.

The majority of the people in this country are not so versatile in their thoughts, so variable in their opinions, so partisan in their attitude as the National Democratic Administration. They do not get their news and views of the world, as President Wilson says he gets his, "from the columns of the London Weekly Times."

Their concern is not primarily for the interests of the allies, or for the interest of Germany, but for the best benefit of their own country. If they have a wider sympathy, as many of them have, it is for the human race as a whole, and for the white race, to

Continued on Page 15, Column 5

Sinking of Five German Troop Ships Reported

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Five German transports have been sunk by British submarines operating in the Baltic, according to an official statement issued in Petrograd last evening.

Wilson to Rest at Shadow Lawn

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—President Wilson plans to take no active part in the 1916 re-election campaign, but will spend the winter of 1915-16 at Shadow Lawn, near Long Branch, N. J. Later he may write a number of letters on issues and receive political callers. The President expects to go to Shadow Lawn immediately after the adjournment of Congress and before the convention are held. From there he can keep in touch with headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in New York.

Woman Dies on Way to Suffrage Parade

Mrs. Margaret Dearborn, sixty years old, of No. 9 Hillmore street, Jamaica Plain, was taken suddenly ill yesterday afternoon in an auto on Hemenway street and was removed to the City Hospital, where she died this morning.

Death was due to natural causes.

Walsh to Attend Hancock Ceremonies

Governor Walsh and his staff will attend the ceremonies of the Sons of the Revolution, in connection with the presentation of the John Hancock memorial to the Commonwealth, at Fort Mifflin, at the State House, Tuesday.

34 German Trawlers Prey to the British

LONDON, Oct. 16.—Thirty-four German trawlers have been captured and taken into Germany since September 15, according to an official statement in the London Gazette.

Walsh Happy; Brandeis Will Stump for Him

Louis D. Brandeis will go on the stump this week to support Governor Walsh in his campaign for re-election.

Mr. Brandeis has tendered his services to Governor Walsh because, as Mr. Brandeis stated, "of a compelling sense of duty."

The distinguished attorney and jurist is known to have a strong admiration for Governor Walsh's record throughout his term as Governor.

He is believed to be his duty to publicly express his approval of the Governor's administration.

Governor Walsh accepted the offer with delight.

Under present plans of the Democratic State Committee, which is arranging the program of the Convention, and upon somebody's happy suggestion all ten of them were ordered to take the platform, where the delegates could see what they were picking from. For several minutes the would-be commissioners sat in a row, like a shadow window in Washington street. These were the men:

Adelbert F. Messer of Concord. Harry A. Pennington of Cambridge. Charles C. Cole of Everett. Harry N. Wirth of Framingham. Edward L. Brown of Marlboro. Frederick F. Barnes of Newton. Leonard W. Cole of Somerville. Allen C. Dwyer of Sherborn. Alfred L. Cutting of Weston. John L. Dyer of Cambridge.

Life Imprisonment for Wife Murder

COLEBROOK, N. H., Oct. 16.—Fred Brown was found guilty of wife murder and sentenced to life imprisonment today after the jury had been out all night on the case. In August, 1914, Brown's wife left him and went to live at Kilderville, a few miles from here. He borrowed a gun from a neighbor and followed. He placed her to her return, and when she refused he shot her and escaped to the woods.

Mother Sees Baby Killed by Car

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 16.—Dropping the hand of his mother, who was leading him across the street tonight, three-year-old Sherwood H. Barry became frightened by an approaching electric car at Main and State streets, ran directly in front of the car and was killed before the eyes of the terrified mother. Mr. and Mrs. Barry live at No. 95 Graham street.

3 Girls Dead in Film Plant Fire

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 16.—Three girls were burned to death and eight others seriously injured in a fire that destroyed the building of the Mutual Film Company on N. side street, this afternoon.

8 PERCENTS KEEPEEN KIDNAPING FOR DOOMSDAY

But Not Until Their Convention, Held at Cambridge, Had Been in Session Seven Hours; "Dial" Messenger Seizes the Machine

Concord Mass., Late an Opponent of Fairbairn for Sheriff, Led on Three Ballots, Then Turned His Strength in Favor of Cutting

Alfred L. Cutting, of Weston, was nominated last night by the Republicans of Middlesex County for one of the three county commissionerships. The convention opened at 6 o'clock in the afternoon at the Weston Board of Selectmen. Three years ago he was a candidate for Congress against John J. Mitchell, Democrat, and Norman H. White, Progressive.

While the result can be told in a few lines of type, the nomination of Mr. Cutting called for five ballots by a convention of 100 men. The convention opened at 6 o'clock in the afternoon at the Weston Board of Selectmen. Three years ago he was a candidate for Congress against John J. Mitchell, Democrat, and Norman H. White, Progressive.

Delegates chosen by all the Republican city and town committees of Middlesex assembled for such a nomination convention as has seldom been held since the advent of the direct primary. And the direct primary was the cause.

Williams passed it up. County Commissioner Chester B. Williams of Weymouth, renominated a few weeks ago after a spirited three-cornered contest, had rejected the nomination after polling a majority of all the votes. Announcing his decision not to run, Commissioner Williams expressed his abhorrence of the direct primary. Perhaps he liked yesterday's convention better. There is no accounting for tastes.

The total number of delegates to whom credentials had been issued was 113. The maximum number permitted by law was 117. The opponents of the direct primary are fond of saying that its principal weakness is that "the vote doesn't come out."

There were ten candidates for the commissionership nomination, at the hands of the Convention, and upon somebody's happy suggestion all ten of them were ordered to take the platform, where the delegates could see what they were picking from. For several minutes the would-be commissioners sat in a row, like a shadow window in Washington street. These were the men:

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Other women, following her example, smashed all the windows they could reach and jumped into the street, where they were picked up by rescuers, who had hurried from Randolph immediately after the accident.

Miss Myrtle Dougherty, sister of the chief of police of Manhattan, using her fist, smashed one of the car windows, and though one of her fingers was broken, she managed to help her companion, Esther Erickson, through the opening and then assisted others to safety.

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13 BODIES TAKEN FROM WRECK NEAR RANDOLPH, KAN.

Special Train Conveys 36 of the Injured to Manhattan Hospitals

Many Women Escape Drowning by Smashing Windows with Their Hands and Crawling Out to Be Picked Up by Rescuers

By International News Service.

MANHATTAN, Kan., Oct. 16.—At least eighteen persons are dead and thirty-one injured in the worst automobile accident in the history of the State, according to the best figures obtainable tonight, as a result of the plunging through the abutment to the bridge over Fancy Creek near Randolph, Kansas, today, of a Union Pacific motor train.

Two of the dead have been identified, three are unidentified and the wreckage reports there are at least five more bodies in the buried and wrecked car.

The identified victims are: Dr. Louis Atwood, Topeka. Alma Kjelvig, Garrison. A. C. Shaw, Topeka. Mrs. Theodore Smith, Topeka. Miss Peterson, Rockford. Mrs. Cyra, Kansas. Mrs. Albert, Kansas. Mrs. Cyra, Kansas. Mrs. Albert, Kansas.

Four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Emma Dillinger, Frankfort. A special train brought thirty-six of the injured here tonight and they are being cared for in hospitals and private homes. All the ambulances in this vicinity and many private automobiles were required to take the injured from bus care to place where they could receive attention. Nearly all of them are in a hysterical state and a connected story of the accident could not be secured.

From the best accounts the motor train was making all speed possible at the time the track curved in. The first warning any of the passengers had was the sudden up-ending of the car, which happened so suddenly that some had a chance to catch hold of anything to save themselves.

A cascade of humanity was poured into the forward end of the car, where all were piled in a struggling heap.

CAR GOES INTO CRACK.

After the first shock, the car settled gradually, the water rising in the car until the entire smoking room was under the surface. It was not until the car finally came to a rest that any of the passengers managed to get out.

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HUB CHEERS GREATEST 'VOTES' DEMONSTRATION THE EAST HAS EVER SEEN

WHO WOULD NOT GLADLY FOLLOW SUCH A LEADER?

Miss Katherine Driscoll of South Boston.



15,000 MARCH TO 'VICTORY'; YELLOW ROSE TRIUMPHANT

Governor and Mayor Among the Reviewers, Walsh Wearing the Colors and Curley Sure "It's Coming." 250,000 Spectators

Fifteen thousand men and women yesterday afternoon traversed the streets of Boston in a compelling testimonial to the hold upon the people of the suffrage cause.

The Suffragists' Victory Parade, rivaling any suffrage demonstration the State had ever seen before, was cheered along every foot of its way by thousands of enthusiasts.

Estimates of the crowd that watched the parade ran from 200,000 to half a million persons.

The parade took an hour and a half to pass the State House.

The occasional red roses or red balloons of the "antis" made but slight show against the predominant yellow of the suffrage colors.

Among the prominent men who marched in the parade were Charles Sumner Bird, Louis D. Brandeis, Joseph Walker, Everett C. Benton, former Congressman Samuel L. Powers and Dr. Fleischer.

The parade broke up at Mechanics Building, where the gathering was addressed by Mayor Curley and suffragists of prominence. The procession was reviewed at the State House by the Governor, and at City Hall by the Mayor.

The long line formed and got under way on Beacon street between Hereford and Charles streets. It swung up the hill to the State House, dipped down Beacon and School streets past the City Hall, wound through Washington and Bromfield streets to Tremont, thence proceeded in a long and glittering line by way of Tremont street, Boylston street, St. James and Huntington avenue to Mechanics Building.

As the parade moved up Beacon street toward the State House, Virginia Tanner, afoot, and representing Victory, led the procession. Her costume was white, her "wings" fashioned from her own bridal veil.

WALSH WEARS YELLOW.

Governor Walsh was in the reviewing stand half an hour before the parade got under way. The Marquis

Continued on Page 16, Column 1.

Escaped Stork Bird Hunter Pays Visit to Jamaica Plain Shot in Leg by His Companion

A real stork hovered over Brookline and Jamaica Plain yesterday and spent the night in an elm on the Wald estate in Goddard avenue, near Jamaica Pond.

This stork was not the infant-carrying kind. He was "Flapper," the adjacent stork, a rather rare species, and he escaped from the City Zoo at Franklin Park, yesterday morning.

The city's feathered pets had been moved from the winter quarters in the Zoo to the Winter quarters in the Zoo. When one of the keepers opened the gate to feed the birds "Flapper" sailed out.

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N. Y. Motorcycle Booth Reproduced

An innovation of interest to the motorcycle trade will be introduced this week by J. Walker of No. 178 to No. 181 Columbus avenue.

All riders are invited to visit the booth and inspect the latest models of the Harley-Davidson motorcycle.

It is expected that local enthusiasts will turn out in crowds.

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Full page of Suffrage Parade photographs on the First Page of Second Section.

2 POLICEMEN AND 3 WOMEN HURT IN CRASH

Occupants of One Auto Tossed
Out When Machines Collide
in Stoneham.

Two policemen and three women were injured, the women seriously, in a collision of automobiles yesterday afternoon at the junction of Main and Marble streets, Stoneham.

The injured:

Mrs. Margaret Bartlett of Lawrence, internal injuries and deep cut over eye.

Miss Jennie Donahue of Lawrence, internal injuries, unconscious for hours at Lawrence Hospital.

Mrs. Robert Donahue of Lawrence, internal injuries, unconscious for hours at Lawrence Hospital.

The collision machines are owned by Robert A. Donahue of Lincoln, a member of the Middlesex Hunt Club and Farmington Francis J. Bartlett of the Lawrence police force.

The five occupants of the Bartlett touring car were thrown out. The women were hurt a degree less.

The Bartlett machine was badly damaged.

In the Donahue car with Mr. Donahue were three sons and Miss Bartlett. They were on their way to a hunt meeting in Andover. The Donahue machine was going north on Main street and was on a down grade as it reached Marble street.

When Patrolman Bartlett turned the corner with his party.

The Donahue machine struck the rear of the Bartlett car and upset it. The three occupants of the Donahue machine were not injured nor even unseated by the impact. Both cars were going at fast speed.

With Patrolman Bartlett were his wife Margaret, Patrolman Robert Donahue, Mrs. Donahue and their daughter Jennie.

The policemen escaped with a few cuts and a shaking up, but the women were in the back seat and got the full force of the collision. They were first taken to the Lawrence Hospital and against the advice of the physicians were transferred in an ambulance to the Lawrence Hospital.

Quincy Girl, 7, Is
Killed by Auto

Margaret Collins, seven, daughter of Timothy J. Collins of Quincy, was fatally hurt when returning from school on Quincy avenue.

The machine was operated by C. W. Quinlan of Quincy. He reported to the police, but was not held.

MISS MARY A. TROY, BRIDE-TO-BE OF RED SOX SECRETARY



**Social Secretary
of White House
Engaged to Wed**

By International News Service.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Evidence that Cupid is still pursuing his calling at the White House was given today in the announcement of Dr. and Mrs. Frank B. Hagner, of the engagement of Miss Isabel Hagner, social secretary at the White House, to Norman James of Baltimore.

Mr. James is a graduate of Yale in the class of 1910, and is well known in the social circles of the Monument City.

So date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably take place in November.

LANE, OF RED SOX TO TAKE BRIDE

Assistant Secretary of Champion
Red Sox Will Wed Miss
Mary A. Troy Saturday.

A wedding of interest to baseball "fans" all over Greater Boston will take place Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, at St. Eulalia's Church, South Boston, when John J. Lane of South Boston, assistant secretary of the champion Boston Red Sox will be married to Miss Mary A. Troy, also of South Boston.

The bride-to-be is the daughter of John E. and Catherine A. Troy of No. 31 Broadway. Her father, John E. Troy, has been connected with the Boston Elevated Railway thirty years, and at one time represented Ward 14 in the House of Representatives.

Miss Troy is a teacher in the Sunday School and a member of the choir of St. Eulalia's Church and is widely known in social and church circles in and around South Boston.

Mr. Lane attended the grammar and high schools of South Boston, and while in his senior year at the high school was captain of the baseball, football and basketball teams.

He then attended Boston College, graduating from that institution in 1912. He is the treasurer of the South Boston Council, Knights of Columbus, and a member of the Boston College Young Men's Catholic Association.

The ceremony will be performed at a nuptial mass next Saturday morning, and the couple will be married by Rev. Fr. T. James Hickey, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden, an uncle of the bride-to-be.

More Land for the
Ward 19 Playground

Land takings for the Ward 19 playground, including twenty-five parcels containing 55,000 feet of land, assessed at \$114,392 were decided on at a joint conference of the Park and Recreation Department and the Street Commissioners.

These takings will give a playground extending from Tremont to

Poppe Obtains Pledge.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Poppe, says the Colgate Gazette, has pulled a trick on the city.

He is the youngest of the four children of the late John Poppe, who he is supposed to stop American measures.

MOVIE BALL VOTING COUPON GOOD FOR 10 VOTES

This coupon will not be counted unless presented at the Movie Ball Contest Headquarters, No. 1 Winthrop Square, Boston, or mailed to this address on or before October 30, 1915.

My favorite Movie Picture Star is:

My Name is _____

City or Town _____ State _____

HOW TO REDEEM YOUR COUPON—At the end of the second contest period (Nov. 1) all coupons will be counted, then not all your votes will be counted. The coupon holder will be given a chance to win a prize. The prize will be a trip to the movie ball.

Curley to Run
for Governor if
Suffrage Wins

Before reviewing the suffrage parade Mayor Curley announced his conditional candidacy for Governor in 1916, in case equal suffrage wins at the coming election.

"From present-day appearance the women are going to win their long fight for equal suffrage," the Mayor asserted. "If they do, I see no reason why I should not be a candidate for Governor next year, with a good chance of receiving the women's support at the primaries."

"Are you willing to go on record to that effect, Mr. Mayor?" he was asked.

"I am," he emphatically replied, "and I am willing to go on record to that effect, Mr. Mayor?" he was asked.

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Orange Flowers and Big Petition on Way to Wilson

By International News Service.
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 16.—Real California orange blossoms, fragrant and waxy white, and rare in Washington this day in June, will be presented to President Wilson as a tribute from the State of California.

The bery of school girls now appealing to the National Capital with a number of copies of 20,000 names, inviting the President to visit the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

The party is now en route bound on the Overland Limited and will arrive in Chicago at 12:30 Monday morning and in Washington Tuesday morning. They will meet the President.

The whole State of California will be represented by the orange flower, this being a season of the year when orange blossoms are scarce.

Carefully packed in dampened cotton, the orange flowers will be forwarded by express today, closely following the official delegation of school girls and Mrs. Gaillard.

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15 WINTER ST. ORENBERG'S

OUR CIRCLE
Silver Deposit
in a very pretty design.
Regular \$1.00
value. For only 45c.

Watch This
"Circle"
Special
Each Week

A Useful Wedding Gift

Rich Cut Glass
Flower Vase

12 inches high,
rock crystal design,
new and popular
shape. A genuine
\$5.00 value. Special
price \$2.99.

15 Pieces
of Silver
complete
with each
chest.

Cut Glass Sherbert, 100 ml., in the
popular glass cutting, attractive design,
new and popular shape. A genuine
\$5.00 value. Special price \$2.99.

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GILCHRIST'S



Showing the best of "American" Resourcefulness

The spirit of "Home Industry" enters the life of this store because we believe in the merit of the goods made at home. That the manufactured products in the United States are equal, if not superior, to those made anywhere else is a fact that cannot be disputed, and for that reason we exploit during the week the articles made in our own country. A unique demonstration will be held to further familiarize the New England public with the splendid advantages and remarkable opportunities that are now offered in

Industrial Exhibits

Basement
Sweet Grass Basket Making.
Glass Cutting Demonstration.
Candy Making Demonstration.

Street Floor
Fancy Cake Making.
Largest Cake or Soap in World.
Yarn Knitting Demonstration.

Second Floor
Hair Goods Making.

Third Floor
Underwear Knitting Machine
In Active Operation.
Making Rubber Footwear.

Fourth Floor
Loom from "The Emerald Mill" weaving "The Cortez Grib Blankets" in colors.

Fifth Floor
A Rug Loom in Active Operation.
Making Bonas Lace Curtains.
Making Leather Hand Bags.
Display of Granoletta.
Talking Discs showing different Processes of Making.

Sixth Floor
Mattress Making Demonstration.

Women's Apparel

Fur Trimmed Suits for Women and Misses—A wonderful collection of exclusive models that are copies of much higher priced garments. These suits include several styles in fine tailored and box coat effects, the popular blouse front suits and smart semi-fitted flare hip models; silk braids, velvet, opium and beaver fur, effective trimmings, plaid, ton's favored fabrics, fine chiffon broadcloth, whorl and poplin, in black, navy, brown, green and plum, beautifully silk lined, in all sizes. **\$19.75**

Women's Fur Trimmed Boucle Coats—Smart coats of beautiful quality boucle with chin chin fur collar, soft in sleeves, belt all around, button trimmed, in black, navy, brown and green, in sizes for misses, 14 to 18 years, and women 16 to 42 bust. **\$12.75**

Furs
\$40.00 Black Cat Lynx Sets—Very special sets of American-made fur, all solid black, very desirable and serviceable, the new round muff and very smart neckpiece. Embossed with all silk crepe de chine, set complete. **\$29.95**

\$18.50 Black Fox Muffs—Large pillow muffs of fine black fox, best quality down. **\$12.98**

\$30.00 Natural Marten Fur—Beautiful 5 and 6 skin natural Marten muffs, very finest New York State skins, rich dark brown, full furred, made in **\$24.98**

Umbrellas
Men's and Women's \$30.00 Umbrellas—Made of a high-grade Union silk cover, with the fine silk, 25 and 28 inch frames, and attractive handles, in both plain and carved designs, also slotted. **\$1.95**

Children's 75c Umbrellas—Good cloth with strong frame, suitable for school, sizes 18 to 24 inches, many different styles. **\$1.00**

Eyes Examined
10x10 Gold-Filled "Finger-Place" Eye-glasses and Spectacles with special lenses. **\$1.47**

Gold-Filled Frame and Eye-Glass Mountings—With special lenses. Value \$2.00. **\$1.17**

Millinery

Beautiful New Winter Millinery, \$10—Passé velvet and gold and silver lace cushions, latest models have been procured and copied (the copies in some cases hand-some than the originals). Stunning large hats and turbans with fur trimmings, hundreds of smart styles to choose from, all the new and combinations of colors, with beautiful facings to harmonize with the trimmings. **\$10**

Children's Dress Hats—Picture-que little velvet hats, some with silk and satin lined facings, and the new fur effects, a charming assortment. **\$3.00**

Outrich Feather Fancies—Every novelty, beautiful pompons, sticks, ups and lands, black and colors. **\$59c to \$3.98**

Waists
\$3.00 Satin Striped Tuck Silk Waists—In tailored style, convertible collar, usually good assortment of stripes; also crepe and cloth waists, latest styles, trimmed with buttons, hem-stitching or embroidery. **\$1.79**

\$2.00 Deep Silk Waists—Plain or all-over embroidered, low or convertible collar, sleeves, some with bands of Venice and embroidered front. **\$1.39**

Women's \$1.50 Underwear
Suits—Bleached cotton, high neck, long sleeves and ankle length. **\$95c**

Women's \$1.00 Under Suits—Bleached cotton, high neck, long sleeves and ankle length. **\$59c**

Women's \$1.00 Vests—Jersey cotton, lined, in various styles and colors. **\$25c**

Children's Vests—Jersey cotton, lined, in various styles and colors. **\$19c**

Gloves
Women's Washable gloves, in pearl grey, Havana, and ivory, guaranteed washable. **\$1.15**

Women's Cape Gloves—Pique and Pique with Imperial and upper point backs, in tan, Havana, oak, putty, ivory and but-ter shades, will wash perfectly, pair. **\$1.50**

Flannelette Underwear
\$2.00 Two-In-One Pajama Gowns—Fancy, heavy flannelette, flannelette collar, and pants attached, a splendid outdoor sleeping garment. **\$1.50**

Women's Cape Gloves—Pink and blue stripes, made full length and with. **\$39c**

75c Jersey Knitted Skirts—Fancy hemmed and machine scalloped hems, in white and colors. **\$50c**

75c Jersey Knitted Skirts—Fancy hemmed and machine scalloped hems, in white and colors. **\$39c**

Gowns—Made of Teal-down flannelette and with fur turnover collars, in tan, blue, and white. **\$1.00**

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Flannelette Gowns—White and blue, made of Amoskeag cloth, heavy and cozy, with and without collars, fancy braid trimmed. **\$69c**

At \$2.00 Flannelette Teal-down flannelette, trimmed with fancy fur and pockets. **\$1.50**

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Flannelette Teal-down flannelette, hem-stitched and embroidered hem, also wool jersey. **\$79c**

Mail and Phone Orders Filled

Women's Shoes

Victoria Shoes—All the perfect fitting styles found in the world \$2.50 makes 10 stylish, perfect fitting models of women's shoes, cut from metal, pat-ent and kidkin leathers; button, brogue and lace styles; high Cuban, military or low mannish heel and many popular cloth slip ef-fects. Thousands of New Eng-land women are enjoying the comfort, style and economy of this popular shoe. A to E widths and sizes 2 1/2 to 7. **\$2.69**

House Dresses
\$2.00 Cotton Cheviot Dress—In shepherd check pattern, suitable for house or street wear, has double col- lar and cuffs of self material and white pl-aid, skirt made yoke effect with fancy skirt- ties, in black and white only, sizes 18 to 60. **95c**

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Silks

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Lace
Silks—The popular silk of the season, standard quality, and line, taffetas, messes, line and peau de cygne, light and dark colors, representing an ex-ceptional opportunity to purchase good quality dress silks at price reduction. **79c**

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Silks—The popular silk of the season, standard quality, and line, taffetas, messes, line and peau de cygne, light and dark colors, representing an ex-ceptional opportunity to purchase good quality dress silks at price reduction. **55c**

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Lace
Silks—The popular silk of the season, standard quality, and line, taffetas, messes, line and peau de cygne, light and dark colors, representing an ex-ceptional opportunity to purchase good quality dress silks at price reduction. **1.19**

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Lace
Silks—The popular silk of the season, standard quality, and line, taffetas, messes, line and peau de cygne, light and dark colors, representing an ex-ceptional opportunity to purchase good quality dress silks at price reduction. **98c**

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Lace
Silks—The popular silk of the season, standard quality, and line, taffetas, messes, line and peau de cygne, light and dark colors, representing an ex-ceptional opportunity to purchase good quality dress silks at price reduction. **1.50**

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FOR THE HIGH PRESSURE 'HIGH PRESSURE' CO. RACOS

After 4 Years and 5 Months 4 Miles of Piping Laid;
Cost, About \$500,000; Remaining to Be Laid,
8 Miles; Money Available, \$250,000.

Complaints by laborers that they were getting less pay than they were promised, caused the Finance Commission to investigate the installation of the city high pressure water system and resulted yesterday in the most sensational political disclosure since the Tenney contract scandal in 1913.

The laborers said that they were told they would get 22 a day when hired, but that all they got was \$17.50. The Finance Commission alleged that the contractors charged the city \$2 a day, and, in addition, got a bonus of fifteen per cent, on each laborer's wage, under the "cost plus a percentage" form of contract.

The grumblings by laborers were sufficiently loud to induce the Finance Commission to investigate the whole job. That was how the Commission discovered that \$100,000 out of an expenditure of \$500,000 had been "siphoned" off and that foremen, inspectors and watchmen who are not necessary have been carried on the payroll.

The Finance Commission's high pressure bomb exploded with a bang in City Hall. Mayor Currier looked it as a bit of political juggling, but he seemed to have no objection to it. In spite of attempts of official circles to suppress the publication, it has been printed in the Boston American.

Every taxpayer and citizen is now made and entitled today to know what became of that \$100,000 which the Finance Commission has "siphoned" off. Every voter wants to know how men engaged at \$17 a day should be paid \$22 a day, and that, too, in the other quarter. They want to know what became of the "siphoned" thousands.

They want to know what Mayor Currier and District Attorney Closser are going to do about it. The Finance Commission closes its report with the request that the matter be referred to the District Attorney. It remains to be seen if this will be done, and if the Mayor will demand Grand Jury action.

Attorney Closser may present on his initiative a bill for the Finance Commission, without orders from City Hall. Boston wants and surely needs a modern system of high water pressure to guard against disastrous fires.

Preparations were made years ago for the installation of such a system. The Massachusetts legislature appropriated \$1,000,000 for the purpose, that was in June, 1911, under a special act.

Of that \$1,000,000 only \$466,137.17 remains, and, of that amount \$178,800 has been spoken for. In that contract for that amount was awarded to the Westinghouse Electric Company, January 26, 1914, to install the electric pumps in the high pressure station.

Which means that \$733,162.83 has been expended and contracted for, leaving but \$266,837.17. The remaining eight miles of the twelve miles of pipe main, which was to be laid in the city, has not been laid, and the high pressure station has not been built.

In spite of the fact that \$178,800 is to lay four miles of piping and work incident thereto, or \$113,442.50, the city has not laid a single mile of pipe, nor has the other eight miles of piping been laid and the pumping station built for \$733,162.83.

These are a few of the problems confronting the taxpayer of Boston today. Backing from the passage of the Act allowing the appropriation it has taken four years to lay four miles of pipe, and, as that fragment of main laid, it is useless, for it cannot be used sectionally.

ROCKEFELLER KIND TO A POOR WOMAN
BOSTON WHOLESALE MILLINERY CO.
Wonderful Values in
Ostrich Plume Hats
At \$5.00
Easily Worth \$8 to \$10 Each

PARIS-SAYS: Ostrich Plume Hats
\$5.00
HATS TRIMMED FREE MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Boston Wholesale Millinery Co., Inc.
59 Temple Pl., 2d Floor
Cor. Wash. St. Take Elevator

Katherine Dahlgren Loses Auto License; Suspended by Board

Two views of Miss Katherine D. Dahlgren, one in hazy costume.

service to minimize fire menace, but she and her passengers haven't got the system, and apparently will not have for some time to come.

There are eight more miles of piping to be laid, and the money is \$13,442.50, and the Finance Commission states that experts estimate that it will take two years and a half to complete the pumping station alone.

"Boston has been working on its system since 1911, and at the present time, with an expenditure of over a half-million dollars, only a small part of the installation is completed and none of it is capable of use as a high pressure system."

"In the opinion of the engineer in charge of the system, it will take at least two and one-half years more to install the pumping station. The city officials of this station, however, are not in a hurry to complete the system."

"The investigation of the Finance Commission shows that the present rates agreement with Long, Little & Russell was imprudent, inasmuch as it has cost more than twice the sum which it would have cost at the price which the contractors had under the competitive system, or in the ratio of 12 to 1."

"Thus the city has paid Long, Little & Russell to install a system of high pressure water piping under the regular contract of \$1,000,000, while the city has paid a sum of \$525,245.26, an increase of 123,245.26, or nearly 125 per cent."

"When a comparison of the execution of this high pressure water system is made with that of other cities which have installed a similar system, it is found that the work of this city is the worst of the lot. It is estimated that the work of this city is the worst of the lot. It is estimated that the work of this city is the worst of the lot."

"Similarly the cities of Toronto, with an installation of light and one-half miles at a cost of \$700,000, and Winnipeg, with a projected area of 1,150 acres and costing \$444,475, were completed in four years and two years respectively from the time of beginning the work."

WILL EXCEED APPROPRIATION.
Judging from the present estimate of cost, the amount to be paid by the city of Boston for this system will far exceed the available appropriation of \$1,000,000. At the present time it can be safely stated that more than \$100,000 has been actually wasted by imprudent contracts, want of ordinary foresight and the lack of prudence in the execution of the work by the officials of the city of Boston.

What the Finance Commission objects most to is that old bugaboo, the "cost plus percentage" contract, which caused the Penney fiasco, even figured in the recent dock agitation.

Under this form of contract the contractor gets a percentage of the cost of the work. Under ordinary contracts, the contractor gets a fixed sum, plus a percentage of the cost of the work. Under this form of contract, the contractor gets a fixed sum, plus a percentage of the cost of the work.

It is explained in defense of the contractor that the cost of the work was estimated at \$1,000,000. The contractor was awarded on June 2, 1914, to construct the high pressure station under the "cost plus percentage" contract.

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GREAT FIGHT AGAINST 'COUNT' RECORD

Cities and Towns Served by Bay State Railway Uniting to Make Protest Heard.

The great fight against the proposed increase of fares by the Bay State Street Railway has taken a definite turn.

The cities and towns north of Boston, in which the Bay State operates, have united to make a concerted fight against the fare increase.

Walden, Melrose, Everett, Revere and Saugus have joined hands and called a mass meeting of protest to be held Friday night in Malden City Hall. The city and town governments in adjacent territory have been invited to attend.

Prior to this public protest city solicitors and town counsels will confer to arrange a plan of attack before the lawyers of the Bay State. Public spirited citizens are selling buttons to raise a fund to defray the expenses at the hearings before the Public Service Commission, which begins on November 1.

Every citizen living in the State in which the Bay State operates carries his daily fare of money with him. The Public Service Commission, which has been created by the State, is the only body which can reduce the fare.

London has the longest list of protests already printed. The city of London has the longest list of protests already printed. The city of London has the longest list of protests already printed.

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CUTTING HUNS THE MIDDLESEX NOMINATION

Continued from First Page.

round Mr. Messer took the platform to thank his friends for their support. Rejoicing that he could not be nominated, however, he declared to may a word that might prompt him to say "no" to the nomination.

Mr. Messer, who was a "no" man, had come up from behind in the contest. Mr. Alfred L. Cutting, who had been nominated, was a "yes" man.

Mr. Cutting, an able speaker, who has frequently been heard by the commercial organizations of the county, declared the nomination a "yes" man, who had been nominated, was a "yes" man.

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Prisoner in New York Tombs on Bigamy Charge Said to Have Started Two Continents.

My International News Service, NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—"Count" Max Lynam, under indictment as the Tombs for bigamy, today was identified by German authorities in New York as "Count" Albert Marcel de Pasy, whose career as a jail-breaker, forger and law man has been recorded in the press of two continents.

Under the name of de Pasy, "Count" Lynam married Miss Lillian Altemond at the City Hall in August, 1911. On the wedding day de Pasy paid a visit to Governor's Island and posed as a general. The German authorities began his homelife on a yacht provided by the United States government out of deference to his supposed rank.

But for Miss Altemond de Pasy has not more to place her name before the authorities. She is a widow, Mrs. Rose O'Brien, of Albany, N. Y., and Mrs. Frederick Arnold, of Touchet, Maine, have designated Lynam as their husband.

Mr. O'Brien was married in 1911 and Mrs. Arnold in 1912. The German authorities, in a search for the man who had been discovered his marriage to Mrs. Arnold, found him in the Tombs, he sent down word that he had "nothing to say."

Description of Lynam, alias de Pasy, as given by the German authorities, identifies him as a man of about 35 years of age, of medium height, with dark hair, and a mustache. He was born on August 20, 1879, at St. Louis, Germany.

Extreme caution should be observed in handling this prisoner, whose career has been so spectacularly dangerous law breaker, who is wanted abroad by the German authorities.

Both under the name of "Count" Lynam, the "Count" has been identified as a man of about 35 years of age, of medium height, with dark hair, and a mustache. He was born on August 20, 1879, at St. Louis, Germany.

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NIGHT SCHOOL TO TRAIN SOLDIERS

An evening military training school for professional and business men, patterned after the training camp of the United States Army, will be held at the City Hall, under the direction of the City of Boston.

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Boston Men in Big 'America First' Move

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—"America first and the English language first," was the slogan of the "America First" movement, which was launched by the National American Woman's Suffrage Association.

The "America First" movement, which was launched by the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, was a movement for the promotion of the English language and the American flag.

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Concord Pastor Does Own Printing

The Rev. Loren N. Macdonald, who the past week celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate in the Concord First Unitarian Church, is an all-around printer.

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CHICKEN EGG

The

Again it is our privilege and pleasure to express our appreciation of the loyal support of the N. Y. C. community. Our efforts have met with unwavering and constant support, and through financial depressions, backed and sustained by the business and industry, we have accomplished what it stands for to its 100th Anniversary days to follow. Our preparations for tomorrow are unquestionably the most laborious selected with one thought in mind, to provide the best possible to obtain. We believe this will be the best and the growth of the store—our store—your store.

Judge of the money-saving opportunities this sale will offer by the Extraordinary Opening Specials on these pages.

MAIL ORDERS AND SMALL PARCELS
If you live at too great a distance for personal shopping, send your orders by mail and they will be as carefully and promptly filled as possible.
To alleviate as much as possible the emergencies of delivery in a sale of this magnitude, we suggest that small packages be carried with you.

Nearly 1500 Crex Grass RUGS

**At About 40% Discount
From the Regular Price,**

with figured borders and fancy stripes.
Kontre surplus stock of the manufacturer
in perfect goods. These are the
genuine Crex, one of the most popular
floor coverings on the market—un-
precedented values.

Base Value	At Base Value	Value At
34x54	3.75	2.25-1.62 7.50-5.00 6.75
36x54	1.00	.25 6.00 7.50 4.50 5.75

10 Library Tables for 11.98



Each of these beautiful tables, all quarred oak, with 24x40 inch top, built with a strong construction, large drawers at each end with book ends, for 11.98

8.00 Upholstered Rocker

For **3.98**



This beautiful full-size rocker, upholstered in high grade imitation leather with full spring seat and American quartered oak frame. Anniversary Price

3.98

8.50 Mission Chair or
Rocker 5.49



Extra large size of selected quartered oak, fumed finish, full spring auto covered in genuine brown leather. Anniversary **5.49**
price

rtains 95c
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s applied with bonna
pair.

45c Sofa Pillows
★ **25c**
Size 22x28 inches. Filled with
best quality silk flow and cov
ered with white cambric. Wa

\$5.00 Rope Portieres

3.45

Made of heavy velour ropes with festooned tops and finished with heavy tassels, red, brown and two separate shades of green. Remember only \$3.45.

200 Yards	2.50	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	16.00	17.00	18.00	19.00	20.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00	37.00	38.00	39.00	40.00	41.00	42.00	43.00	44.00	45.00	46.00	47.00	48.00	49.00	50.00	51.00	52.00	53.00	54.00	55.00	56.00	57.00	58.00	59.00	60.00	61.00	62.00	63.00	64.00	65.00	66.00	67.00	68.00	69.00	70.00	71.00	72.00	73.00	74.00	75.00	76.00	77.00	78.00	79.00	80.00	81.00	82.00	83.00	84.00	85.00	86.00	87.00	88.00	89.00	90.00	91.00	92.00	93.00	94.00	95.00	96.00	97.00	98.00	99.00	100.00
500 Yards	2.50	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	16.00	17.00	18.00	19.00	20.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00	37.00	38.00	39.00	40.00	41.00	42.00	43.00	44.00	45.00	46.00	47.00	48.00	49.00	50.00	51.00	52.00	53.00	54.00	55.00	56.00	57.00	58.00	59.00	60.00	61.00	62.00	63.00	64.00	65.00	66.00	67.00	68.00	69.00	70.00	71.00	72.00	73.00	74.00	75.00	76.00	77.00	78.00	79.00	80.00	81.00	82.00	83.00	84.00	85.00	86.00	87.00	88.00	89.00	90.00	91.00	92.00	93.00	94.00	95.00	96.00	97.00	98.00	99.00	100.00
1000 Yards	2.50	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	16.00	17.00	18.00	19.00	20.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00	37.00	38.00	39.00	40.00	41.00	42.00	43.00	44.00	45.00	46.00	47.00	48.00	49.00	50.00	51.00	52.00	53.00	54.00	55.00	56.00	57.00	58.00	59.00	60.00	61.00	62.00	63.00	64.00	65.00	66.00	67.00	68.00	69.00	70.00	71.00	72.00	73.00	74.00	75.00	76.00	77.00	78.00	79.00	80.00	81.00	82.00	83.00	84.00	85.00	86.00	87.00	88.00	89.00	90.00	91.00	92.00	93.00	94.00	95.00	96.00	97.00	98.00	99.00	100.00
1500 Yards	2.50	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	16.00	17.00	18.00	19.00	20.00	21.00	22.00	23.00	24.00	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00	33.00	34.00	35.00	36.00	37.00	38.00	39.00	40.00	41.00	42.00	43.00	44.00	45.00	46.00	47.00	48.00	49.00	50.00	51.00	52.00	53.00	54.00	55.00	56.00	57.00	58.00	59.00	60.00	61.00	62.00	63.00	64.00	65.00	66.00	67.00	68.00	69.00	70.00	71.00	72.00	73.00	74.00	75.00	76.00</																								

*** Women's \$1.00 and \$1.25 Silk Hosiery**—Black, white and colors, light and medium weights, high-ankle, double-line socks and tights, garden web, seamless, odd lots, some slight irregularity. Pair for 68¢.

Children's 18c Hosiery—Black cotton, medium weight, knee-high socks and tights, some slight irregularity. Pair for 9¢.

Children's 25c Cashmere Hosiery—Pure Australian wool, black and tan, double heels and toes. Pair for 18¢.

Women's Underwear—10

[illegible]

All Day Monday Double

Incomparable Goods

Women's Dress Skirts
\$2.29

 Coats at \$2.95 Wise and brown waters, shetland and broadcloth. Many large sizes.	 Dresses at \$3.75 All-wool serge, some a combination of taffeta. Four styles, in navy, brown and black.	 Women's Suits at \$9.95 Cut shows one of the most popular styles made in diagonal, velvet, shetland and mixture, also in taffeta and in lead- ing colors.
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Women's 25c Coat
 Made of rayon, with wide notched lapels, double breasted.

Women's 25c Coat
 Made of rayon, with wide notched lapels, double breasted.

Women's 25c Dress
 Made of good quality rayon, with wide notched lapels, double breasted.

Women's \$1.00 Coat
 Long white shirt, with wide notched lapels, double breasted.

Women's 30c Coat
 Made of good quality rayon, with wide notched lapels, double breasted.

Women's \$1.00 Coat
 Long white shirt, with wide notched lapels, double breasted.

Children's Boys' Sweaters Cotton knit, pleated collar, 100% acrylic knit. 10 to 12 years. \$2.99	Girls' Sweaters Cotton knit, 10 to 12 line and fancy trim. 10 to 12 years. \$2.99	Children's Boys' Coats All cotton, 10 to 12 years. 100% acrylic knit, lined, fur-trimmed hood, 10 to 12 years. \$2.99	Children's Girls' Coats All cotton, 10 to 12 years. 100% acrylic knit, lined, fur-trimmed hood, 10 to 12 years. \$2.99	Sample Dresses Cotton knit and real fur, unlined, skirt trimmed with fur. 10 to 12 years. \$2.50	\$1.00 P. N. Sample Dresses Cotton knit, 10 to 12 years. 100% acrylic knit, lined, fur-trimmed hood, 10 to 12 years. \$2.50
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38c \$1.95 \$2.98 \$1.95 \$2.50

Women's \$1.98 Waists \$1.00 \$5.98 and More

Special lot of odd silk-waists, crepe de
china, muslin, tub silk, high or low
neck, long sleeves, all sizes up to 46.

[illegible]

Hood's
HOOD'S 20c
10c RICH M
21c YOUNG
11c
HOOD'S \$1.5
BUTTER, in 5
HOOD'S 10c
CHEESE, per
12c PEANUT
10c EXTRA,
dozen
HOOD'S HEA

FRENCH REGAIN LOST SUMMIT OF VOSGES HEIGHT

Hartmannsweller Kopf Is Recaptured; Germans Bombard Lines with "Tear-Producing" Shells.

PARIS, Oct. 16.—The French official report issued tonight recounts the recapture from the Germans of the summit of Hartmannsweller Kopf, in the Vosges, and the repulse of German attacks elsewhere. Railways at Metz have been bombarded by French aeroplanes. The report tells of the first use by the Germans of a new shell, fumes from the explosion of which cause tears to flow, blinding the soldiers. The report follows:

"In Africa we have completely repulsed a new German attack in the Bois-en-Hache, and on the eastern slope of the Souchez valley. French fighting accompanied by cannonading on both sides has continued south of the Somme in the region of Labarre and of Quenoy-en-Santerre.

The Germans have renewed the bombardment of the regions behind our front in Champagne, with tear-producing shells. Our artillery replied by a fire directed against their batteries and reserves. There was fighting with bombs and gas grenades in the Argonne south of La Houyette and at Vauquois.

"In the Vosges a vigorous counter-attack enabled us to retake all our positions on the summit of Hartmannsweller Kopf and to capture a small fort previously held by the enemy. We took fifty prisoners.

"A group of seven aeroplanes bombarded the railway station at Metz. Many bombs exploded on the railway station itself and on a train in motion, which was brought to a stop. A switch tower was blown up. The rest of the afternoon campaign followed.

"We repulsed last night in Lorraine numerous German attacks against the trenches which we had occupied yesterday to the north of Hettling.

"The number of prisoners, which we made in the course of these actions reached 110.

"In the Vosges, the enemy attempted to break through the lines between Ling and Schatzmannville which was provided for by German bombardment and accompanied by curtains of fire, on our second line, our communications trenches. It was completely repulsed.

**Coffman Received
at the Navy Yard**

The formalities of naval etiquette were observed at the navy yard yesterday at Charleston, when Rear Admiral Coffman, commander of the third division of the Atlantic fleet, paid special respects to Captain William R. Hall, commander of the yard.

Rear Admiral Coffman arrived at the navy yard Friday on his flagship, the battleship Virginia, on his final visit yesterday he was received at the Administration Building, where a company of marines was lined up at attention and the Marine Band was playing "The Salute."

**Cardinal to Lay
Cornerstone Today**

Cardinal O'Connell will lay the cornerstone of the new St. Charles Church at Cushing and Hall streets, Waltham, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The sermon will be preached by the pastor, the Rev. Peter J. Walsh. A large number of clergy will be present. The Cardinal will be escorted from the rectory to the church by a guard of honor of Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus.

**First Horses Leave
Boston for France**

Stamishag Sagamore of the Warren line, has sailed for St. Nazaire and Liverpool, carrying 602 horses for the French government and a large general cargo. The remnants taken by the Sagamore are the first shipped from Boston to France.

**Why's "Gets-It" for
Corns, Like a Kiss?**

Because Everybody Tries It, Everybody Likes It, It's Painless and Takes But a Moment to Apply.

"Gets-It" is the wonder of the corn-cure world. Millions say so, because millions have used it. That's what makes it the best corn cure in the world.

Be Warm

DEFY WIND AND COLD WITH

Brown's Beach Jacket

Wearers say it is warmer and less expensive than any other coat and more to be worn. It won't shrink when washed or strewn out of shape. It is soft and warm and gives the most comfort. Has a warm wool lining and soft exterior. It is made to measure for the individual person for all men who work in the outdoors.

Adults without measure cost \$1.50, jacket with measure cost \$2.00. Write for more information to W. M. BROWN, 200 Commercial Street, Worcester, Mass.

Luxemburg Duchess to Abdicate Adelaide Enters a Convent Princess Marie Succeeds at 16

Adelaide, the beautiful young Duchess of Luxembourg, who is to abdicate her throne in favor of her sixteen-year-old sister, Princess Marie-Antoinette. Torn by sorrows of war, the Duchess has determined to become a nun. She is just twenty-nine years old and has reigned only two years.



PARIS, Oct. 16.—The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg has resolved to abdicate in favor of her sister, the Princess Marie-Antoinette, aged sixteen, and to take the veil.

After three years of Queenship the Grand Duchess has not only tired of court life, but in the last year she has been overwhelmed with terror at the horrors of war with which she has come into personal contact and disgusted at the brutality and greed of soldiers. She has thus been driven to the determination to retire forever to a convent and never see again on the faces of men.

Never since the days of England's Queen Charlotte has a young woman become so unhappy as the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. In her twentieth year, only two years after she ascended the throne, her country was invaded and occupied by the German army, and stories have reached Paris that she has been forced to isolate herself in her palace to escape the unwelcome attention of German soldiers.

She contemptuously returned a bouquet of roses which the Kaiser sent her on her birthday, June 14.

Defence Plan Calls for Army of 1,200,000

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Details of the administration program for national defense became known officially today. The plan calls for a six-year program, which will bring the American army up to 1,200,000 trained men.

It is also planned to build sixteen capital ships—two dreadnoughts and six battle cruisers—eighty-five destroyers, fifty destroyers and fifteen scout cruisers in five years, with proportionate increases in personnel and officers.

German Prisoner to Be Harvard Student

In a far off English prison lies a German soldier who has visions of a career in the School of Business Administration at Harvard when the war is over. This German soldier, who has been considered the Harvard School's foremost of its kind in the world, has written the Harvard authorities of his intention of matriculating at the very earliest opportunity.

**Senator Hollis in
Newfoundland**

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 16.—The whereabouts of United States Senator Henry F. Hollis, which has been mysteriously concealed by his counsel and friends, was disclosed today by Senator Hollis himself in a telegram from Newfoundland to the clerk of the Massachusetts County Superior Court.

The rumor that he would not present an appearance at the trial, which is scheduled for November 15, is set aside by the telegram of today, which asks that an appearance be entered. Senator Hollis also promises to write more fully.

Anglo-French Attacks All Thrown Back

German War Office Also Reports Success in East, with New Bulgarian Army in Serbia.

By International News Service.
BERLIN, Oct. 16.—The results of Anglo-French attacks all along the battle front in the western theatre of war is announced by the German War Office in an official statement today.

In the sector of Aubertin, in Champagne, the Germans captured eleven officers, 600 men and three machine guns.

The German success at Hartmannsweller Kopf in Upper Alsace, resulted in the capture of five French officers, 221 men, six machine guns and three mine throwers.

Attacks by the British near Verdun, in Artois, and by the French at Souain, La Meuse and Leintrey, in the Vosges, were all repulsed. The German army in the Vosges repulsed an attempt of the enemy to advance at Schatzmannville.

NEW BULGAR INVASION.

Another Bulgarian army has invaded Serbia near Negotin, the War Office announced. Negotin is on the Danube near its junction with the Timok. More games on the Serbian frontier have been taken by the Bulgarians and their allies.

Further progress for the German forces south of Semerdia is reported. The text of the official report follows:

"Balkan theatre.—The army of Field Marshal von Mackensen is advancing south of Semerdia. We have returned the Serb positions on Vranovo mountain, east of Pazaric. We have taken the Serbian village of Snodjina by assault. The Bulgarians have forced the frontier passes between Negotin and Strumica. The forces defending the Balkans in the eastern side have been captured.

ON WESTERN FRONT.

"Western theatre.—Near Aubertin we captured eleven officers, 600 men and three machine guns. Attacks by the enemy near Verdun, Souain, La Meuse, Leintrey and Schatzmannville failed. We gained a success at Hartmannsweller Kopf, where we captured five officers, 221 men, six machine guns and three mine throwers.

"Eastern theatre.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg's army repulsed Russian attacks near Izbica (Gumaburg), and also at Vornopol, where one officer, 441 men and a machine gun were captured.

"The Russians tried two attacks north-east of Zaslavsk, but both were repulsed. The one attack on the right bank of the Dnieper, near the mouth of the Dnieper, was repulsed. Russian attacks were repulsed.

"There is nothing to report relative to the Serbian front except and General von Linsingen."

**TEUTONS REPULSED
WITH HEAVY LOSS,
SERBIAN REPORT**

By International News Service.
BELGRADE, Oct. 16.—The following official report was issued by the Serbian War Office today:

"On October 14, the Austro-German attacks on the Obrenovac-Belgrade front and at Semerdia were all repulsed with heavy losses for the enemy. The German army which tried to turn the Serbian right wing at Semerdia was thrown back in the Dobrinja swamp on the right bank of the Danube.

"A Serbian battalion was thrown into the river. The situation was very calm on the rest of the front.

"Towards Pazaric the Germans are still pressing strongly against our positions. Numerous reinforcements have been received by the Austro-German army, coming from the north. They were sighted near Samolj, Pantofar and Kevanara.

"A great reception is being prepared at Nish and other towns for the allied troops. Everyone is confident of the arrival of Anglo-French troops will raise the morale of the Serbian army to such a pitch it will be invincible."

**Hope for Armenia in
Bryan Plea to Kaiser**

Intercession with the Kaiser by William Jennings Bryan was declared by M. H. Gulesian to be almost the only hope that the massacre of Armenians by the Turkish authorities could be stopped. Gulesian made this assertion at a meeting of citizens at the State House called to form an auxiliary committee to act with similar bodies to be formed in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other places to raise for Armenian relief.

KILLED LOOPING LOOP.

BUCENOS AYRES, Oct. 16.—While attempting to loop the loop in an aeroplane here today, Francis Coblentz fell to the ground and was instantly killed.

69c

Black Velvet Hats 69c

Our Wholesale Price 69c

Black velvet hats, made of the finest material, with a wide brim and a high crown. They are made to order and are delivered in ten days.

New York Wholesale
110 Millinery Co.
REMOVAL TO 110, 108 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

**Woman Hit by Auto
Receives Broken Jaw**

Miss Florence Davenport, twenty-five, of No. 3 Holden street, Dorchester, is at the City Hospital suffering from a fractured jaw and lacerations of the head. She was taken to the hospital by Hestings.



WHAT WAR —is— LIKE

that Edwin F. Weigle risked his life at the German front to get—pictures that were taken on the actual battle lines where the 30-centimeter guns were battering down the forts of Przemysl—the pictures that show you whole batteries of rapid-fire guns in deadly action, each gun spitting out 600 shots a minute—these are the pictures you will see—The Chicago Tribune's

MOVING PICTURES OF GERMAN BATTLEFIELDS

THE MOST STUPENDOUS SUCCESS THE STAGE HAS EVER KNOWN
12,000 People Are Seeing Them Every Day in New York City

They are the most wonderful pictures ever shown to the people of America. There are no other pictures like them in existence. You stand beside the trenches and see what Weigle saw. You stand beside the greatest guns the world has ever seen—guns that were never photographed before—and see them do their deadly work. On three battle fronts you see the marvelous efficiency of 40 years of German training—on three battle fronts you see just how the Germans fight. These pictures will be here for a very limited time only, beginning

TOMORROW

TREMONT TEMPLE

11 A. M. to 11 P. M.

Complete performance every hour and a half. Lecturer, Organ, Orchestra

ALL SEATS 25c

SIX SMASHING REELS

ALL SEATS 25c

Black Velvet Hats 69c

Our Wholesale Price 69c

Black velvet hats, made of the finest material, with a wide brim and a high crown. They are made to order and are delivered in ten days.

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REMOVAL TO 110, 108 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

RECORDS BLOTTED OUT BY THE GREAT SEAS OF VIOLENCE

Attitude of Spectators Strongly Indicative of the Results on Election Day.

Continued from First Page

and Marchioness of Aberdeen had expected to be guests, but were detained. Those in the stand with the Governor included Sir. Treasurer Charles L. Hurst, Controller Guy A. Ham and Mrs. Ham, Congressman Peter F. Tagan, Major Thomas L. Walsh and Adjutant-General Charles M. Cole.

The reviewing stand was almost opposite the Shaw monument. The Governor wore a yellow sash from which hung two yellow streamers.

Along both sides of Beacon street a great throng of people watched the passing of the suffragists and cheer on their march up to erect them. From the moment Miss Tanner as Victory walked steadily between the long ranks of spectators, every note of the procession drew a fresh ovation.

Before the parade started, the suffrage headquarters in Copple Square had been gay with yellow banners and sashes and blossoms; and as the procession got under way, this riot of color was transferred to Beacon street.

Along the way there were frequent halts, even on private houses. The red roses of the anti-suffrage forces were there and there, and boys selling these blossoms worked side by side with youngsters distributing the yellow roses of the anti-suffrage forces.

MRS. KELLEY GRAD MARSHAL. Mrs. Kelley Grady, marshal of the parade, gave the word for the march to begin. Miss Julia Brightman, chief of staff of the anti-suffrage forces, transmitted the order along the line.

The parade which in motion was well over a mile in length.

The float in the long line was striking and impressive; their subjects, bearing aloft on the great occasion which the parade sought to answer. The first in the line was representative of Massachusetts receiving the ballot.

The float was personified by Mrs. Elizabeth Darnall.

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Man's Views on the Procession--Hawthorne 'For Us,' He Says, 'If We Do Not March With Them'

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

"Our Women, Our Fellows, Our Partners, Moving in Procession Occasioned by That Which Should Make Us Ashamed of Ourselves."

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

The parade had already "arrived," morally speaking, before it started yesterday, and its success from the mere physical standpoint was therefore only a confirmation of a proposition long before accepted by most thinking people. The women marched, with their banners and insignia, under skies that offered no sun, and amid crowds which, whether or not sympathetic to begin with, could not witness that sense without feeling that a purpose had received its incarnation: women are to have the ballot, for good or for ill, and must make the best of it. The long era of occultation is past.

The procession was worth looking at; it gave one a sensation. There was the appeal to the eye—our mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, striding on foot along the thoroughfare of old Boston in testimony of their faith. Boston, which has been the birthplace of other noble and memorable things and has provided the stage for many a stirring and epoch-making drama.

Here rang out the volley from British muskets in the street that sounded the reveille for the revolution; here the dark, fantastic figures of the First Party did their worst from the hill-tops to the west the Boston populace observed the struggle on Bunker's Hill; from the belfry of the church shone the lantern that sent Paul Revere on his ride; in the streets of the city the "quest" words which are among the cornerstones of American liberty. On all accounts it was fitting that this demonstration should take place here.

Color, form and movement harmonized, and the symbols and figures and designs were well received. Music was not lacking; but, after all, it was to be expected. The women, to their hearing and spirit, that one turned with most interest in them was music to the eye. Much has been said of the minds and hearts of the people thoughts and hopes which have never been openly uttered, but which the women, being still latent and which will declare themselves in the future. Woman suffrage has friends which it knows not of.

Every man has loved some woman—his mother, wife or sister—some woman who has stood in his thoughts as the visible form of what is higher and purer than he. He has felt that woman is our only safe barrier against corruption and anarchy. She offers us our only redemption from brute selfishness; she gives us our humanity and the impulse to work and think for something better than self. None will deny this, but not all who confess it have believed that woman's actual entrance into the political dust and sweat would have the result of purifying what had been degraded. It is probably upon this point that the two parties to the controversy have divided.

Born from a Seed Sown by No Man or Woman.

The experiments already tried in various States and foreign countries have not been conclusive. The argument is still heard that woman's place is in the home, that she will lose more than she can gain by devoting into the arena, and within this apprehension is the thought that she will lose in this rude struggle the finer qualities and delicate touch which have been shipped in with sufficient



no ideal left to mankind. We think of the rough-necks and rowdies of the past, and we think of the women who are ready to meet the trial; their enemies are the ones who fear. And fear is a plausible attitude, but it ignores the truth that mankind is not and has never been the arbiter of its own destiny. The women, who have always been brought about by influences which proceeded from the unknown, and which uniformly set at naught the plans formed by our own intelligence.

The cause of woman suffrage was born from a seed which was sown by no man or woman; it came into being as miraculously as the grass of any life that we know, and it could not be kept from germinating; it has a strength from opposition as surely as from advocacy, it stands before us now a very Tree of Life, whose roots are spread down to the bottom of things and its branches spread high and far. It cannot be destroyed; we may well say that its development cannot be delayed by anything we can effect.

The only thing that can prevent its full fruition is the lack of experiment, not specifically or half-heartedly, but in the fullest and utmost degree. If such trial prove it impracticable or injurious, no "anti" orators or propaganda

will be needed to suppress it. It will perish at the root by the poison of its own impotence. Its supporters are ready to meet the trial; their enemies are the ones who fear. And fear is a plausible attitude, but it ignores the truth that mankind is not and has never been the arbiter of its own destiny. The women, who have always been brought about by influences which proceeded from the unknown, and which uniformly set at naught the plans formed by our own intelligence.

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The cause of woman suffrage was born from a seed which was sown by no man or woman; it came into being as miraculously as the grass of any life that we know, and it could not be kept from germinating; it has a strength from opposition as surely as from advocacy, it stands before us now a very Tree of Life, whose roots are spread down to the bottom of things and its branches spread high and far. It cannot be destroyed; we may well say that its development cannot be delayed by anything we can effect.

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With that, Miss Tanner, in her Greek costume, appeared at the head of School street, and the long procession followed. No one could witness it without emotion. The faces of these women were earnest and confident; there was the light of inspiration in many of them. There were young women and old, and children, and boys and there a man, ready to be admitted to that retinue. The narrow street was packed with spectators, applause, interested.

The old Lucy Stone carriage passed before the stand, and the Mayor handed to the lady within, who had lived ninety-four years to see this day, a great cluster of fresh yellow roses. They came through delegations from foreign countries, wearing the national colors, drawn hither by the immeasurable power that had made itself felt in all parts of the civilized world. There came representatives of State after State, and the ladies, in their insignia, pioneers in the path of liberty and equality.

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This Gentleman Compromised on a White Pink

There were more than one Boston gentleman who yesterday adopted as their motto: "Neutrality is the best policy."

One happened to be on Tremont street. He had in his buttonhole neither a red rose nor a yellow rose, but a white pink.

They descended upon the gentleman, one proffering her red roses, the other her yellow ones, and the gentleman, who was so persistent, so voluble, so full of himself, was just behind him. Much to his surprise, he found himself surrounded by a group of young women, and with an air of satisfaction inserted in his buttonhole a white pink!

They descended upon the gentleman, one proffering her red roses, the other her yellow ones, and the gentleman, who was so persistent, so voluble, so full of himself, was just behind him. Much to his surprise, he found himself surrounded by a group of young women, and with an air of satisfaction inserted in his buttonhole a white pink!

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SAYS LITTLE LITTLE'S THE SCAPEGOAT

Declare Court Martial of Fore
River Inspector Will Bare
Submarine Contract Methods

The court martial of Rear Admiral Little, retired, who had been ordered by a court-martial of the Navy to begin his duties as the "Chief of Staff" of the "Pine Point" Navy Yard, was last night set for November 1. He is charged with neglect of duty in approving and signing a contract for the construction of a submarine, which was later found to be defective and which the original time allowed, barely one day, was less than would be allowed an ordinary enlisted man facing charges.

The further was the trial will lead to an examination of the methods of the Navy Department in relation to the construction of submarines.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS. There were several developments in the court-martial of Rear Admiral Little, retired, who had been ordered by a court-martial of the Navy to begin his duties as the "Chief of Staff" of the "Pine Point" Navy Yard, was last night set for November 1. He is charged with neglect of duty in approving and signing a contract for the construction of a submarine, which was later found to be defective and which the original time allowed, barely one day, was less than would be allowed an ordinary enlisted man facing charges.

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Amusements.

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Singer Bride of Boston Physician in War Romance

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CHARGES 'HIDDEN POWER' IN THE SENATE

Charges Upper Body with Deliberately Blocking Move Against the Insurance Monopoly.

In a "vicious attack on the hidden influence which control legislation," Governor Walsh last night charged the Republican Senate with deliberately blocking a move against the insurance monopoly.

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HEARST DISCUSSES TRUE NEUTRALITY

Continued from First Page.

which they belong in particular. They, therefore, resent seeing him, a man of such high standing, and the white race destroyed in the daily casualties and calamities of this frightful war.

If these American citizens have a personal or a financial attitude toward this loan, they consider it, and have a right to consider it, from the viewpoint of its actual business value and the ultimate business effect.

They are mindful of the dreadful depression which occurred to the government obligations of some of the allies in the only political situation which compares in extent and intensity to the present one, namely, the war and political upheavals in Europe which followed the French Revolution, something over a hundred years ago.

The present calamity in Europe threatens to be even more extensive and even more disastrous than the preceding one. Certainly a patriotic American citizen has a right to consider and to advise with his fellow-men as to whether the securities offered by European nations in the present crisis will eventually meet the fate of securities offered by some of the same nations in the preceding crisis.

One of the members of Mr. Morgan's firm, speaking of the seven hundred bond salesmen and New York financiers who are to attempt to distribute this loan to the public, said:

"The darkest days in the history of France and England in the face of national storms."

As a matter of historical fact, French assignats were a security slightly superior to the treasury notes with which this loan is guaranteed. They were based on the value of the land which the government had confiscated from the nobles and the clergy, so that assignats had an actual basis of value as well as a government guarantee. In the war following the French Revolution these assignats depreciated to practically nothing.

In order that this may not be considered a partisan statement the following extract is printed from the New International Encyclopedia:

"ASSIGNATS—Paper money issued during the French Revolution, which derived its name from the public domain assigned for its ultimate redemption."

"When first issued, the notes were sold in the market in the same way as treasury notes in our own history."

"By the year 1793, the circulation had reached nearly 4,000,000,000 francs, but the actual value of the notes had sunk to one-fifth their nominal value. Futile efforts were made to maintain the value of the notes."

"In February, 1796, when the issues were finally abandoned, 100 francs (\$20) equaled about 30 centimes (6 cents) in gold."

It is plain from this statement of facts that securities ordinarily considered good, may deteriorate and depreciate through the extraordinary conditions of war and revolution as to be practically worthless.

Any American citizen has a right to recognize these facts and to consult and communicate with his fellow citizens upon the relation of these facts to this present loan. Mr. Ford has a right to do it. The whole citizenry of the United States has a right to do it, and ninety-nine per cent. of them are doing it. To attempt to deny it, and to deny the United States this right, and to penalize them for enjoying this right, will simply arouse their resentment and in no way benefit the foreign nations who are seeking to borrow money of these American citizens.

Let it be understood that the attitude of these American citizens does not imply any hostility to the allies. A certain proportion of these citizens are more or less in sympathy with the allies. A certain proportion of them are more or less sympathetic with the Germans, despite the desire of all to maintain a neutral aspect.

These citizens, however, are primarily interested in their own United States, in their own fellow citizens and in their own family and personal affairs.

The American people, like Mr. Ford, are not subscribing to this loan. The munition makers, the manufacturers of guns and missiles, the manufacturers of artificial arms and legs, the financial representatives in America of foreign powers, the speculators in war stocks and certain banking connections of these various industries and activities are subscribing, but the American people are not subscribing.

They are maintaining their neutrality and their business caution, as they have a right to do and should do. They are following the course of the majority.

South Station Wreck Results in Suit

Suits for \$15,000 each against the New Haven Railroad Company and the Western Connecticut Company by Homer P. Loring, administrator of the estate of Homer P. Loring, who was killed in the South Station wreck, were filed in the Superior Court today.

Homer P. Loring was a passenger on a train from New Haven to South Station when it crashed into the rear end of another train and Loring received injuries which he is claimed caused his death.

It is not to be doubted that the real agency which brought about this disaster was the people of this State, but the old custom (which is now being changed) is to place the blame on the railroad company.

"What explanation can Mr. McClellan, the leader of the Republican party in this country give to the people of Massachusetts for the election by the Senate of Massachusetts, without any fault?"

"I will not," the Republican Senate of 1915 for its complete subservience to the powers and forces of 'invisible government' and I have pointed out in this address some instances of this 'invisible government' in the past history of this country. With you join me in condemning the 'invisible government' which has controlled the Massachusetts Senate during the past 100 years on these grounds."

Prof. Ernst Ludwig, Chemist, Dead

By International News Service, Vienna, Oct. 16 (via Berlin). Professor Ernst Ludwig, world-famous chemist, is dead 53 years of age, after a long illness, at his home in Vienna.

Dr. Ernest Ludwig was an authority on the subject of applied medical chemistry, which he has been professor of at the University of Vienna. He was a member of the Austrian House of Lords.

3 Dye Plant Houses Burned at Assonet

Assonet, Oct. 16.—Three wooden buildings belonging to the Dye Plant and Dye Works, which have been burning since the night of the 14th, were burned today. The loss was estimated at \$35,000.

One of the members of the fire department who was on duty at the time expressed the belief that the fire was set.

ing the injunction of the Democratic Administration at Washington, when the German loan was sought in this country, and which they feel applies to any war loan offered here.

Of this attitude of the President in opposition to war loans, the Democratic Campaign Book of last year said:

"It is inconsistent with the spirit of neutrality for a neutral nation to make loans to belligerent nations for any reason. It is the worst of contraband. It commands all other things. A very forcible illustration has been used in support of this proposition, namely, that as a neutral does all in its power to discourage its citizens from enlisting in the armies of other countries, it should discourage those who by loaning money would do more than they could do by enlisting. THE GOVERNMENT WITHDRAWS THE PROTECTION OF CITIZENSHIP FROM THOSE WHO DO ENLIST UNDER OTHER FLAGS. WHY SHOULD IT GIVE PROTECTION TO MONEY WHEN IT ENTERS INTO FOREIGN MILITARY SERVICE? THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER."

"But there are other reasons. The European war is imposing a burden upon all the neutral nations as well as upon those engaged in the conflict. If the United States were to loan money to the belligerent nations, it would be less able to assist the neutrals, and it has already received notice from neutral nations that desire loans. We are under special obligations to render such service as we can to South and Central America. It would be difficult to do this if all our surplus money was flowing into the war chests of Europe."

Then, too, our own money might be embarrassed by loans to the belligerents. Already a material reduction has been made in the Government's income from import duties owing to the partial suspension of commerce. If the war is prolonged it may become necessary for the Government to issue bonds. This would have a direct effect on the local market as to compel a higher rate of interest."

What the Democratic Campaign Book next year may say we do not know, but that the people of the United States as a whole will maintain a willingness to promote or prolong the war, will continue to express and entertain a deep desire to end the war, we most positively assert.

ON SUFFRAGE ROAD TO VICTORY

At the top, at left, is Miss Rachel Raymond, a Wellesley College girl, in riding costume. The four girls with the banners are, from left to right, Maude Springer, Beatrice Alling, Dorothy Campbell and Mildred Jones. The girl in striking costume with the marshal's ribbon is Miss Catherine Driscoll, leader of the South Boston group. The large figure at left is a striking photograph of Miss Margaret Foley.



Miss Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind marvel, at left, and her secretary, Miss Pauline Thompson.

One of the notable groups of young women. Just above is Mrs. Grace F. French, a mounted trumpeter. Miss French was one of the most striking figures of the parade. The little girl is Miss Susan Fitzgerald, the youngest suffragist, the daughter of Mrs. Susan W. Fitzgerald.



SHE

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S

Marvelous Romantic Tale

of Exciting Adventure Pub-

lished in Five Installments

Synopsis of Previous Installments.

HORACE HOLLY, a Cambridge University scholar, and his wife, **Leo Vincy**, have come to Africa in quest of a mysterious tribe, ruled over by a beautiful woman who is reputed in relics handed down to Leo by his father to be an ever living or reincarnated queen who slew the Graco-Egyptian priest, **Kallikrates**, Vincy's ancestor, 2000 years before.

According to the legend, the African queen loved **Kallikrates**, who would not desert his own wife, **Amenarra**. After **Kallikrates**' death **Amenarra** escaped and gave birth to a boy. From him descended the Vincy family.

Holly, **Leo**, Vincy and their servant, **Job**, sailed for Africa, are cast ashore with one of their Arab crew, **Mahomed**, and are captured by subjects of "She-who-must-be-obeyed," ruler of the **Amharas**.

Ustane, a beautiful girl of the savage tribe, loves **Leo** on sight and kisses him in token of taking him for a husband. **Leo** returns the kiss.

The travelers learn that "She-who-must-be-obeyed" appears to her subjects only at intervals and then veiled. She is reputed of extraordinary beauty and even of immortality.

At a feast that night the savages, in the absence of **Bali**, their leader, who had gone to report to **She**, tried to "hot-pot" **Mahomed**, the Arab leader, by drawing a red-hot earthen pot over his head. In the ensuing fight **Ustane** escaped and twenty savages are killed. **Leo** is about to be speared when **Ustane** protects him with her own body. A voice roars out, "Cease!" **Bali** had returned just in time.

Leo, **Holly** and **Job** are taken to the mountain home of **She**, or **Ayesha**, with **Ustane** attending the wounded and fever-stricken **Leo**. She receives **Holly**. **She** is veiled. She talks of knowing people and events 2000 years old. She unveils to **Holly**, showing transcendent beauty. Later **Holly** sees **She** cursing the spirit of the dead **Amenarra**, **Leo**'s reputed ancestor.

Leo is critically ill. **Agan** **She** unveils to **Holly** and infatuates even that cold, unemotional man.

Ayesha saves **Leo** at the point of death from wound and fever. She declares he is the reincarnation of her lost **Kallikrates**, whom she slew 2000 years before because he would not abandon **Amenarra**. She shows scornful jealousy of **Ustane**, who is fearful, but who clings to **Leo**.

When **Ustane** refuses to leave **Leo**, **She** touches **Ustane**'s head lightly, leaving three white finger-marks on the girl's hair at her earful power. Later **She** catches **Ustane** and **Leo** in embrace. **Ustane** defies the Queen again and is slain, blasted by **She**'s supernatural will-force. **Leo** and **Holly** are horror-struck.

(Holly tells the story.)

(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY'S BOSTON AMERICAN.)

CHAPTER XIII.

She Wins Leo.

FOR A moment **Leo** did not quite realize what had happened but when he did his face was awful to see. With a savage oath he rose from beside the corpse and turning, literally sprang at **Ayesha**. But she had been watching, and seeing him coming, stretched out her hand again, and he came staggering back toward me, and would have fallen had I not caught him. Afterward he told me that he felt as though he had suddenly received a violent blow in the chest, and what is more, cowed as though all the manhood had been taken out of him.

Then **Ayesha** spoke. Forgive me my girl, she said softly, as she drew him, "if I have shocked thee with my justice."

"Forgive thee thou dost," roared poor **Leo**, wringing his hands in his rage and grief—"forgive thee, thou murderer! Is Heaven? I will kill thee if I can!"

"Nay, nay," she answered, in the same soft voice, "thou dost not let us detest—the time has come for thee to learn. Thou art my love, my **Kallikrates**, my beautiful my bride! For thou thoukest **Kallikrates**, have I waited for thee, and now at length thou hast come back to me; and as for this woman, printing in the corpse who stood beside me, at a time and a place I have revealed her, **Kallikrates**. It is an accused life!" screamed **Leo**. "My father is not **Kallikrates**! I am **Leo Vincy**; my ancestor was **Kallikrates**—at least I believe he was."

"Ah, thou sayest it, this ancestor was **Kallikrates** and thou, even thou art **Kallikrates** come back—and mine own dear lord!" "I am not **Kallikrates**, and as for being the lord, or having anything to do with thee, I do rather be the lord of a fief from hell, for he would be better than thou!"

"Sayest thou so—sayest thou so, **Kallikrates**? Nay, but thou hast not seen me for so many years that no memory remains. Yet I am very fair, **Kallikrates**!"

She Reveals Her Beauty to Leo.

"I hate thee, murderer, and I do not wish to see thee. What is to me how fair thou art? I hate thee, I say!"

"Yet, within a very little space shalt thou creep to my knee, and avowest that thou dost love me," answered **Ayesha**, with a sweet, mocking laugh. "Come, there is no time like the present time; here, before this dead girl who loved thee, let us put it to the proof."

"Speak now on me, **Kallikrates**—and with a sudden motion she shook her sunny covering from her, and

stood forth in her low kirtle and her smoky nose, in her glorious, radiant beauty and her imperial



SHE offers revenge to **Leo**—"Ayesha" told to her knees and said to **Leo**: "See, here beats my heart and here is a knife, sharp and long and heavy. Strike and strike home, so shall thou be satisfied, **Kallikrates**, because thou has paid back the wrong!" (Miss Gladys Knorr as Ayesha, or She; P. Clayton Greene as Leo.)

from, rising from her wrappings, as it were, like **Venus** from the waves or **Galatea** from her marble, or a beautiful spirit from the tomb, she stood forth, and fixed her deep and glowing eyes upon his own, and I saw his clenched teeth unclasp, and his set and quivering features relax beneath her gaze. I saw this wonder and astonishment grow into admiration, and then into fascination; and the more he struggled the more I saw the power of her dread beauty fasten to him and take possession of his senses, dragging them, and drawing the heart out of him. Did I not know the process? Had not I who was twice his age, gone through it myself? Was I not going through it afresh even then, though her sweet and passionate gaze was not for me? Yes, alas, I was. Alas, that I should have to confess that at that very moment I was rent by mad and furious jealousy. I could have sworn at his throat, shame upon me! That woman had defounded and almost destroyed my moral sense, and as he was bound to confound all who looked upon her supernatural loveliness. But somehow, I do not know how, I got the better of myself, and once more turned to see the climax of the tragedy.

"Oh, Heaven!" gasped **Leo**; "art thou a woman?" "A woman in truth—in very truth—and this one spouse, **Kallikrates**!" she answered, stretching out her rounded ivory arms toward him, and smiling, ah, so sweetly! To look and look, and slowly I perceived that he was drawing nearer to her. Suddenly his eye fell upon the corpse of poor **Ustane**, and he shuddered and stopped.

"How can it?" he said, hoarsely. "Thou art a murderer. She loved me."

Observe, he was already forgetting that he had loved her. "It is naught," she murmured, and

her voice sounded as the night wind passing through the trees. "It is naught at all. If I have sinned, let my sin, therefore, be put away and forgotten," and once more she stretched out her arms and whispered, "Come," and then in another few seconds it was over. I saw him struggle—I saw him even turn to fly; but her eyes drew him stronger than iron bonds, and the music of her beauty and concentrated will and passion entered into him and overpowered him—aye, even there—in the presence of the body of the woman who had loved him well enough to die for him. It sounds horrible and wicked enough, but he can not be blamed too much, and he is sure his sin will find him out. The temptress who drew him into evil was more than human, and her beauty was greater than the loveliness of the daughters of men.

"Perchance thou dost not believe my word, **Kallikrates**—perchance thou thinkest that I do delude thee, and that I have not lived these many years, and that thou hast not been here again to me. Now will I show thee, and thee also, my **Holly**, who dost stand staring there as though of a truth thou hadst taken root in this unkindly soil. Hear each one of you a lamp, and follow after me whether I shall lead ye."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Dead and Living.

WITHOUT pausing to think—indeed, speaking for myself, I had almost abandoned the function in circumstances under which to think seemed to be absolutely useless, since thought left hourly helpless against a black wall of wonder—we took the lamps and followed her. Going to the end of her "household," she raised a curtain and revealed a

little stair of the sort that was so common in those dim caves.

The stair led to a tunnel, and a few paces down the tunnel was one of the most curiously decorated doorways, a glance at which told me that it was the same where I had been a witness of that terrible scene by the leaping flame. I recognized the pattern of that curtain, and the sight of it brought the whole event vividly before my eyes and made me tremble even at its memory. **Ayesha** entered the tomb (for it was a tomb) and we followed her—, for one, respecting that the mystery of the place was about to be cleared up, and yet afraid to face its solution.

Behold the place where I have slept for two thousand years," said **Ayesha**.

The lamps rays fall upon a hollow in the floor where I had seen the leaping flame, before which she had crouched the spirit of **Amenarra**. On a stone bed lay a white-wrapped form.

"Behold!" said she.

With a sudden motion she drew the shroud from the cold form, and let the lamp-light play upon it.

There, stretched upon the stone bier before us, robed in white and perfectly preserved, was what appeared to be the body of **Leo Vincy**.

I stared at **Leo**, standing there alive, to **Leo** lying there dead, and could see no difference, except perhaps, that the body on the bier looked older. Feature for feature they were the same, even down to the crop of little golden curls, which was **Leo**'s most uncommon beauty. It even seemed to me, as I looked, that the expression on the dead man's face resembled that which I had sometimes seen upon **Leo** when he was plunged into profound sleep. I can only sum up the closeness of the resemblance by saying that I never saw twins so exactly similar as that dead and living pair.

She opened the garments on the breast of the image, if that was what it was. Right over the heart was a wound, like that of a spear.

Ayesha said to **Leo**:

In Place of Life

I gave Thee Death.

"Thou seest, **Kallikrates**, **Behold**, I was I who slew thee. In the place of life I gave thee death. I slew thee because of the Egyptian **Amenarra**, whom thou dost love; for by her arts she held thy heart, and her I could not slay as yet; but I slew the woman, for she was too strong for me. In my hate and bitter anger I slew thee, and now for all these days I lamented thee, and waited for thy coming. And thou hast come, and none can stand between thee and me, and of a truth now for death I will give thee life—not life eternal, for that none can give, but life and youth shall endure for thousands upon thousands of years, and with it pomp and power and wealth, and all things that are good and beautiful, such as have been to no man before thee, nor shall be to any man who comes after."

She burst of the body of the dead **Kallikrates**, saying:

"Dust to dust—me dead to the dead—**Kallikrates** is dead and born again."

Then she dismissed us for the night.

When he was no longer in the presence of the dreaded **She**, **Leo**'s sense of the awfulness of all that had happened, and more especially of the wicked murder of **Ustane**, who was bound to him by ties so close, broke upon him like a storm, and leashed him into an agony of remorse and terror which was painful to witness. He cursed himself—he cursed the hour when he had first seen the writing on the shroud, which was being so mysteriously verified, and bitterly he cursed his own weakness. **Ayesha** he dared not curse; who dared speak evil of such a woman, whose consciousness for aught we knew was watching us at this very moment?

"What am I to do, old fellow?" he groaned, resting his head against my shoulder in the extremity of his grief. "I let her be killed—not that

I could help that, but within five minutes I was blaspheming murderers over her body. I am a degraded brute, but I cannot resist that!" (and here his voice sunk) "awful sorceress, I know I shall do it again tomorrow; I know that I am in her power for always. If I survive her again I should never think of anybody else for all my life; I must follow her as a needle follows a magnet; I would not go away now if I could; I could not leave her, my legs would not carry me, but my mind is still clear enough, and in my mind I hate her—at least, I think so. It is all so horrible; and that—that body! What can I make of it? It was me! I am sold into bondage, old fellow, and she will take my soul as the price of herself!"

CHAPTER XV.

The Promise of Extended Life.

THIS next day we were summoned before **Ayesha** again. **Ayesha** unveiled, and once more bade **Leo** embrace her, which, notwithstanding his heart-scratches of the previous night, he did with more eagerly and fervor than in strictness courtesy required.

She laid her white hand on his head and looked him fully in the eyes. "Dost thou wonder, my **Kallikrates**," she said, "when thou shalt call me all thine own, and when we shall of a truth be for one another and to one another, I will tell thee. First, must thou even as I am—not immortal. Indeed, for that I am not, but as God and hardened against the attacks of Time that his arrows shall glance from the armor of thy vig-

orous life as the swiftest glances from water. As yet I may not mate with thee, for thou and I are different, and the very brightness of my being would burn thee up, and perhaps destroy thee. Thou couldst not even bear to look upon me for too long a time, lest thine eyes should ache and thy senses swim, and therefore (with a little coquettish nod) "what I presently will myself say" (This, by the way, she did not do.) "Not listen, thou shalt not be tried beyond endurance, for this very evening, an hour before the sun goes down, thou shalt have me, and by thy shall we start home, and by tomorrow's dark, if all goes well, and the road is not too long, we shall be in the place of life, and thou shalt have me in the eve, and thou shalt be glorified as no man ever was before thee; and then, **Kallikrates**, shalt thou call me wife, and I will call thee husband."

"And now," went on this changing her tone and the subject, "tell me, my **Kallikrates**, for as yet I know it not, how came ye to seek me here? Yesterday ye asked me that **Kallikrates**—his name thou sawest—was thine ancestor. How was it? Tell me—thou dost not speak overmuch."

She Puts Her Life at the Will of Leo.

Thus adjured, **Leo** told her the wonderful story of the casket and the polished that, written on by his ancestors, the Egyptian **Amenarra**, had been the means of guiding us to her. **Ayesha** listened intently, and when he had finished, spoke to me.

"Did I tell thee one day, when we did talk of good and evil, oh, **Holly**—it was when my beloved lay so ill—that out of good came evil, and out of evil good—that they who sowed knew not what the crop should be, nor he who sowed, where the blow should fall? See, now: this Egyptian **Amenarra**, this child of the Nile who hated me, and whom even now I hate, for in a way did she prevail against me—see, now, she herself hath been the very means to bring her lover to mine aid, for her sake I slew him, and now, behold, through her he hath come back to me! She would have done me evil, and saved her seeds that I might reap tears, and behold she hath given me more than all that I could give, and there is a strange square for thee to fit into any circle of good and evil, oh, **Holly**."

"And so," she went on, after a



SHE and the Flame of Life—"She kissed **Leo** and then went and stood in the pathway of the Flame of Life. Nearer and nearer it came; now flashes of light and now the edge of the pillar itself appeared. **Ayesha** turned toward it and stretched out her arms to greet it." (Posed by Miss Gladys Knorr.)

pause—"and as she bade her son destroy me if he might, because I slew his father, And thou, my **Kallikrates**, art the father, as in a sense thou art likewise the son; and wouldst thou avenge thy wrong, and the wrong of that father, strike me, and strike home, so shalt thou be satisfied, **Kallikrates**, and long, and sharp, the very knife to slay an erring woman with strike, and strike home, so shalt thou be satisfied, **Kallikrates**, and go through life a happy man, because thou hast paid back the wrong; and obeyed the mandate of the past."

He looked at her, and then stretched out his hand and lifted her by her feet.

"Hush, **Ayesha**," he said, softly; "all thou knowest that I cannot strike thee, nor even for the sake of her whom thou lovest, but last night, I'm in thy power, and a very slave to thee. How can

I kill thee—monstrous should I meet myself!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The Flame of Life

LED BY **Ayesha**, **Leo**, **Job** and I set out on her mysterious purpose. Chief among our impediments was a long plank which **Ayesha** said we would need.

"We climbed the cliff and tumbled out along a steep spur, ending abruptly in a sheer descent. Other cliffs rose about us, where deep shadows shrouded our path in darkness."

Dimly we could make out that, across a chasm about ten feet wide and apparently of bottomless depth was a huge upright spar, capped by a balustrade—

Incredible as it may seem, we actually crossed the chasm on the narrow plank, which was carefully pushed out until its further end rested on the edge of the balanced rock opposite. The plank slipped just as **Job**, the last one, crossed, and he barely saved himself. How we were to return puzzled me sorely.

(Continued on Next Page)

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS NEARING DIAMOND JUBILEE

Progressive Institution of Higher Learning at Worcester Overcame Great Obstacles of Earlier Days

Rev. Joseph M. Dinand, B. J., president of Holy Cross College, and three of the modern buildings at the Worcester institution. Reading from the top, they are Alumni Hall, Bowen Hall and the O'Keane Building.

PIANO AND NEW CHAPEL TO PROPOSING GROUP

Institution Boasts of Many Noted Graduates in East and Elsewhere.

By C. O'CONNELL GALVIN.
HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, one of the most progressive educational institutions in New England, will be seventy-five years old in 1917. Already the Holy Cross Alumni, not only of New England, but throughout the United States, is thinking of plans for the proper celebration of the diamond jubilee.

Two years ahead is considered some far by the able and active college president, the Rev. Joseph M. Dinand, B. J., for the proper organization of what is intended to be one of the most notable anniversary celebrations held by any college in America.

Dinand, whose simplicity and earnestness has been the force of law with Holy Cross men everywhere, has in mind the inauguration of a great work of college expansion which shall remain for all time a fitting memorial of the anniversary event that it called it into existence.

FOUNDED BY BISHOP FENWICK.
The project in Fr. Dinand's mind is the building of a new college chapel of which the institution, because of its rapid growth of the past years, stands in great need. An ideal site for the proposed chapel has already been chosen by the Holy Cross president. The chapel, when completed, will stand about midway between Bowen Hall and the O'Keane Building. Surrounded by splendid lawn, with the college campus in the background, and with the fine slopes of College Hill for the background, the architect, however, is already given by nature a magnificent groundwork for the full play of his creative genius.

To build this chapel, as a memorial of the Holy Cross jubilee, is the goal towards which Fr. Dinand is now directing his earnest hopes.

When he places his ideas before the sons of Holy Cross, whose name is legion from Northern Maine to the New York line, in every city and town of New England, President Dinand will afford the loyal sons of Alma Mater a chance to have their names inscribed on the college Roll of Honor.

Holy Cross was founded in 1843 by the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, second Bishop of Boston.

The early days of the great project, says Fenwick, were the rich and happy days of the college's infancy, when the college was a small group of students and a few teachers, and a man of great culture, zeal and energy.

A few years earlier, Fr. Pitton had bought as the site of an institution for the education of Catholic young men the magnificent property which now includes the whole hill that looks down upon the southern section of the city of Worcester, now known as St. James. At the time of Fr. Pitton's purchase the hill had the Indian name of Pachabank Hill, or Hill of Pleasant Springs.

Fr. Pitton presented this splendid property to the Holy Cross community, which in 1845 was then in its infancy. Bishop Fenwick, who in his hand it over to the fathers of the Society of Jesus, found on the summit of the hill, a landscape unexcelled, stands as handsome, imposing and in every particular as substantial and up-to-date a group of college buildings as may be found in any section of the United States.

FR. PITTON A PIONEER.
In his valuable history of the church in the diocese of Springfield, Rev. John J. McCoy, LL.D., writes as follows of Holy Cross: "The greatest institution of learning in our diocese, the College of the Holy Cross, which looks up over Worcester on Pachabank Hill, was founded in 1843 by Father Pitton in 1843. It is a little story of building with its sixty acres of land adjoining, was presented by Father Pitton in 1843 to the Holy Cross community, which in 1845 was then in its infancy. Bishop Fenwick, who in his hand it over to the fathers of the Society of Jesus, found on the summit of the hill, a landscape unexcelled, stands as handsome, imposing and in every particular as substantial and up-to-date a group of college buildings as may be found in any section of the United States."

Fr. Pitton was a former chaplain of the United States Senate, and a member of the American public life some of its brightest ornaments. Many distinguished members of the American hierarchy are on its roster; so are the names of hundreds of priests, whose parts and missionary record forms an indelible part of Massachusetts history.

Members of the highest political bodies in the Commonwealth of New England took their first lessons in the classics at students of Holy Cross; while law, medicine and letters are represented by an alumni whose names have taken important parts in the upbuilding of the State and Nation.

David I. Walsh, Governor of Massachusetts, was a student of Holy Cross; while law, medicine and letters are represented by an alumni whose names have taken important parts in the upbuilding of the State and Nation.

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Photo by HARRIS

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"wash-house" close to the banks of the Blackstone. On the 25th of the following October these were joined by the Rev. George Fenwick, brother of the bishop. The next day the Rev. George Fenwick, brother of the bishop, a young Irishman named Edward Fenwick, was received.

"On the 31st of the same October, the community moved to the newly erected seminary of St. James. It was in this seminary, known since 1845, were organized, and the exercises of college life commenced. This building served for college work until January 15, 1846, when the new college building was completed. The cornerstone of the new building was laid June 11, 1845, by Bishop Fenwick. The Rev. Fr. Dinand, on the occasion was presided by Rev. Dr. Charles Constantine Piles of New York."

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In 1848, its officers were: President, Rev. John J. Power '41; vice-president, Rev. James A. Healy '41; recording secretary, Dr. James A. McDonough '41; corresponding secretary, Rev. John B. Purcell '41; treasurer, James J. Walsh '41; executive committee, Rev. Michael P. Flaherty '41; Rev. William J. Davis '41 and Rev. Michael A. J. Burke '41.

The officers, trustees and executive committee of Holy Cross Alumni as elected for 1915, are as follows:

Alumni Association, organized 1848—Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Ryan, D. D., '73, honorary president; Thomas A. Lawler, '73, president; Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald, '73, first vice-president; Dr. John T. Becton, '73, second vice-president; Dr. John W. Cahill, '73, secretary; Rev. William E. Foley, '73, treasurer; executive committee, John Cronin, '73, Rev. Levi J. Achin, '73; Dr. E. Henry Howard, '74.

Connecticut Alumni Association, organized February 12, 1848—Rev. O. Murphy, '73, president; Martin J. Caminicham, '73, vice-president; Rev. John J. Kelly, '73, secretary; Rev. John J. Kelly, '73, treasurer; executive committee, Rev. Francis A. Foley, '73, William B. Murphy, '73; Patrick J. Cawley, '73.

Worcester County Alumni Association, organized 1848—Joseph E. Underwood, '73, president; Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, vice-president; Daniel P. Callahan, '73, secretary; Timothy J. Keeney, '73, treasurer; executive committee, Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, Daniel P. Callahan, '73, Timothy J. Keeney, '73, Rev. Patrick J. Madole, '73.

Holy Cross Club of New York, organized 1848—John O. McGuffee, '73, president; vice-president, Thomas A. McDonough, '73; William F. McKenna, '73; Edward J. Fitzgerald, '73; secretary, Thomas A. McDonough, '73; treasurer, William F. McKenna, '73; executive committee, Rev. John O. McGuffee, '73, Thomas A. McDonough, '73, William F. McKenna, '73, Edward J. Fitzgerald, '73.

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Holy Cross Club of Philadelphia, organized April 19, 1848—William E. Foley, '73, president; Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, vice-president; Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, secretary; Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, treasurer; executive committee, Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, Rev. John A. Keeney, '73, Rev. John A. Keeney, '73.

Holy Cross Club of Worcester, organized 1848—John O. McGuffee, '73, president; vice-president, Thomas A. McDonough, '73; William F. McKenna, '73; Edward J. Fitzgerald, '73; secretary, Thomas A. McDonough, '73; treasurer, William F. McKenna, '73; executive committee, Rev. John O. McGuffee, '73, Thomas A. McDonough, '73, William F. McKenna, '73, Edward J. Fitzgerald, '73.

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Dennis J. Murphy, '73, Dr. Francis A. Finerman, '73, Patrick J. Reynolds, '73.

Holy Cross Alumni Association of Central and Western New York, organized February 8, 1915—Dean A. Bohn, '70, president; Rev. Dr. Francis C. Cullen, '73, vice-president; John J. Kelly, '73, secretary; J. Leland Murray, '73, treasurer; executive committee, James J. Walsh, '73, Edmund A. Dillard, '73, John H. Reilly, '73, Joseph A. Pritchard, '73, Dr. Frank J. McGinnis, '73, Charles M. Sullivan, '73, William J. Callahan, A. Corliss, '73.

A sentence of two will tell the story of Holy Cross College and its three-quarters of a century of varied service in the cause of higher education better than if dozens of lines were devoted to the task.

On the day the College opened, 73 years ago, the roll of students contained the names of one man, a young Irishman named Edward Fenwick.

On the day the college opened, for the academic year of 1915-1916, the roll of students held the names of 502 young men, gathered from all quarters of New England.

These two sentences should give the order of every Holy Cross man in the land in due proportion. The roll of students held the names of 502 young men, gathered from all quarters of New England.

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ELVITA PILLS

For Weak and Nervous People

If you are debilitated, if your nerves are weak, if you are nervous and depressed, you should take Elvita Pills. These pills will strengthen your nerves and give you a new lease of life.

Elvita Pills are the only pills that will strengthen your nerves and give you a new lease of life. They are the only pills that will strengthen your nerves and give you a new lease of life.

Elv

MOTOR TRUCK FOR ARMY USES

Fleet of Ten Trucks Used at the Plattsburg Camp Make Tour.

One of the features of the recent camp of business men at Plattsburg, N. Y., which gained no end of fame and interest, was the motor trucks which were used at it. These vehicles did all kinds of work and did it admirably as much as that they attracted attention to themselves from all sections of the country.

A fleet of ten of these Autocars recently issued the message to the motorists of the country. This is the first time that a motor truck has been used in the country since the war.

The Autocar is a vehicle of the future. It is a motor truck which is used in the country since the war. It is a motor truck which is used in the country since the war.

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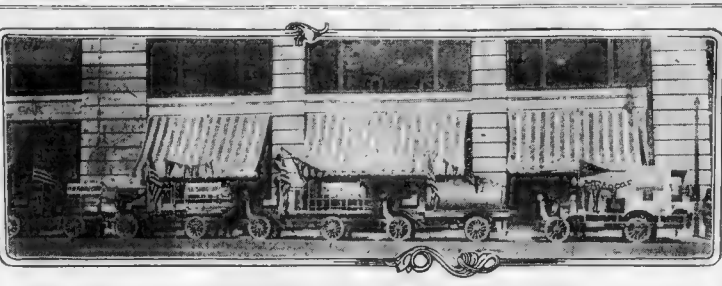
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The Autocar is a vehicle of the future. It is a motor truck which is used in the country since the war. It is a motor truck which is used in the country since the war.

SAW SERVICE AT PLATTSBURG CAMP

PORTION OF DETACHMENT THAT GAVE GREAT SERVICE



Size of the ten Autocar military service wagons seen in Boston last week.

NEW CAR IS COMING HERE

A car that is shortly to find a home in Boston is the Owen Magnetic, which is the latest New York show attracted to it. The Owen Magnetic is a car that is shortly to find a home in Boston is the Owen Magnetic, which is the latest New York show attracted to it.

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Motoring Public is Court of Last Resort

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BRAZIL IN BOSTON SHOW WINDOW

One of the most elaborate and interesting window displays shown in Boston is the Brazil in Boston show window. One of the most elaborate and interesting window displays shown in Boston is the Brazil in Boston show window.

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Terms Much Abused and Often Misstated

That the value of a guarantee is not proved by the number of times a manufacturer is sued, but by the fact that the goods themselves are good, is a fact that is often misstated. That the value of a guarantee is not proved by the number of times a manufacturer is sued, but by the fact that the goods themselves are good, is a fact that is often misstated.

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Mitchell Out with All-Season Car

The cost of all-year driving has been reduced by the introduction of the Mitchell car. The cost of all-year driving has been reduced by the introduction of the Mitchell car.

The Mitchell car is a car that is designed for all-year driving. The Mitchell car is a car that is designed for all-year driving.

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WILL OCCUPY HONOR POSITION

For the third successive year the Willys car has won the honor position. For the third successive year the Willys car has won the honor position.

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Four-Cylinder Cars Popular in West

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Briscow Building a New \$100,000 Plant

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Weight Distribution Is Most Important

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When Detroit—the Home of Automobiles—makes Studebaker its own "First Choice"

Can YOU safely buy any other car without knowing what Studebaker does? Think! Detroit makes three-fourths of all the cars made in the United States. Detroit makes three-fourths of all the cars made in the United States.

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Forty Horse Power 7-passenger FOUR \$885

The ONLY FORTY Horse Power, SEVEN-passenger, 4-cylinder car with a 36-inch bore and 5-inch stroke motor that has ever been made in America or Europe for less than \$1000. The ONLY FORTY Horse Power, SEVEN-passenger, 4-cylinder car with a 36-inch bore and 5-inch stroke motor that has ever been made in America or Europe for less than \$1000.

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Factory Popular with Visitors

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Jackson Economy Car Has Two Bodies

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THE BECKMAN COMPANY

100 NORTH BROAD ST. BOSTON, MASS.

THE DONOVAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY

626-630 COMMONWEALTH AVE. BOSTON, MASS.

STUDEBAKER

400 N. BROAD ST. BOSTON, MASS.



Our Short Story Contest

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NOTE.—The question has been asked, "How short can a story be made and yet contain all the elements of a good story—plot, suspense, cross-purposes, at least two characters, climax and other points?" Herewith we present some short stories, just to show that we know what a good short story is. Send in your stories. We pay ten cents a thousand words for every thousand words you don't write under a hundred words.—Ed.

THE REASON.

"I—I" she began timidly, but was silenced here.

"You are weary and do not know your own mind. I do not believe in the woman who is so easily thrown off her feet. I would have thought that tomorrow I could call, then I demand you tell me all. I warn you I shall scoff at your foolish reason and you shall be my wife!"

So saying, he departed. "What a coward," he called next day.

As she entered into the hall he clasped her in his arms.

"Darest I have come for your reason, but remember what I said, it is a foolish reason. You shall marry me. I."

And the terrible words were uttered. Later he came to his senses.

"What—what was that?" he asked feebly.

She playfully pointed to a large man who stood beside her.

"That," she purged in cooling tones, "was my reason, therefore you know."

YOU want the truth?"

The doctor made an effort to hide his feelings as he spoke, and he declared the young man bravely:

"You have just a year to live. Five dollars, please."

With no more show of emotion than his any man would expect at parting with the young doctor's money, he took the bill and departed.

"To Miss Golliego," he said to his chauffeur.

"Tootsie, dear," he said to her when they were alone, "don't think me brutal, but we must break up our wedding."

"Why, darling? Papa is still solvent."

"It's not that. The doctors have given me only one year to live!"

"Oh, you dear, useless boy! But I will marry you just the same, and I'll make you a doctor, so that you can take care of me."

"Go whiz, no Tootsie, it's quite out of the question. Believe me, I can't make sure I live the whole year!" And he kissed her and

* * *

THE OUTCAST

HE was old, gray, unkempt, unshaven and tottering. His clothes were ragged. His toes protruded from his shoes, although there was snow on the ground.

He crawled up an old cleft curb by an ancient homestead, and clung there exhausted, his hands clutching at the weather-beaten boards.

Suddenly a man in furs dashed angrily forward.

"Hey, gimme them rings!" he shouted.

The old man removed three diamond rings from his fingers and gave them to the brute uncomplainingly.

"All right, now go," he muttered to a man turning a crank. "How'd you fared?" he would look on the screen, you poor fish. You're supposed to be broke!"

TRAGEDY.

"SORRY, I'd like to pay you the whole eight hundred, but I cannot. Here's five hundred. It's the best I can do!" and Jones handed the collector a roll of bills amounting to \$500.

The collector counted it, took off a ten-dollar bill and returned it.

"Ten dollars too much, Mr. Jones," he said, and handed him a receipt for \$490.

"Who—who—who are you? Ain't you the collector from Blank & Blank?"

For fifteen minutes after the collector left poor Jones sat and stared at a little roll of bills containing \$200 which he had prepared to hand to the Black & White collector!

CAUGHT!

It certainly looked bad for Simpkins.

He sat in the gay cafe with a girl no sparer than himself. They were laughing and talking and eating every few minutes, the girls' heads tilted back and their eyes sparkling with merriment as they tossed their tongues at the waiter fidgeting his cheeks as they leaned toward each other.

Blake and Watson, who knew him in a business way, were watching him.

"The old estate!" exclaimed Blake.

"Good land, pipe!" hissed Watson.

Sniffing majestically toward poor Simpkins came Mrs. Simpkins!

"This is the end of Simpkins, and he was a good sort, too," muttered Blake.

Mrs. Simpkins snuffed majestically past and toward the adjoining dining room.

She was too proud to wear glasses.

It certainly looked bad for Simpkins—for a moment.

TWO LETTERS THAT PASSED IN THE MAIL.

DEAREST:—Awfully sorry, but I've got to take mother to see that new play at the theatre tonight. See you tomorrow.

Dearest:—I am so sorry, but father has bought tickets for the new play at the theatre tonight, and I must go with him. See you tomorrow.

Your devoted JACK.

Your faithful FLO.

The funny part is that they met that evening at the Jollier Dansant, each with another companion.

REUNITED.

THEY met, face to face, in the street.

"John!" she gasped, "where have you been all these years?"

"Mary! At last! Tell me, where have you been?"

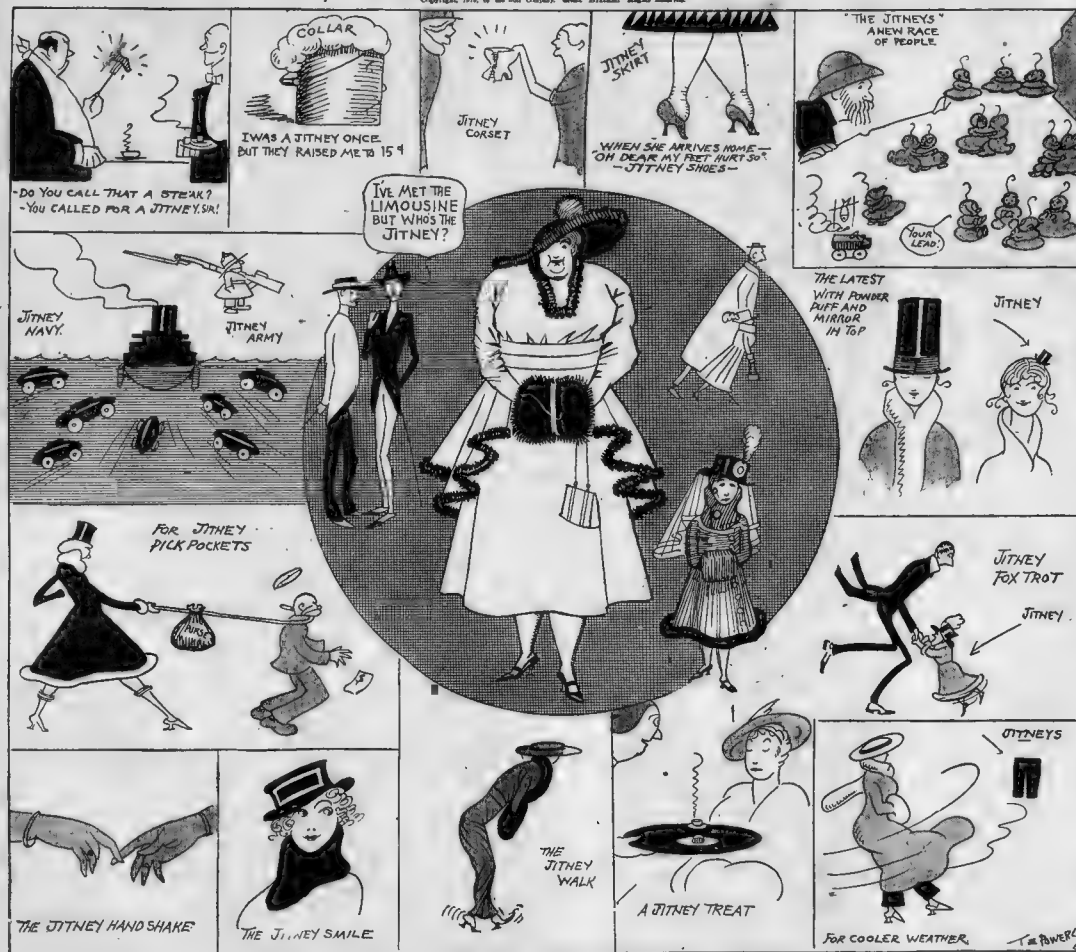
"I was waiting my turn to buy my Boston & Maine commutation ticket," he explained.

"I was just trying on a hat in Madame McFlitte's," she told him.

And they went home together, just as though they had not been parted for fourteen long hours!

TROUBLE.

"HELEN, oh, Helen, forgive me!" he pleaded.
His reply was a blow from a \$9 vase which she smashed over his head.
Her name was "Mary."



AN English soldier who had been suffering with hay fever for many months was recently shot in the head with a bullet, the bullet setting fire to the hay which had been causing the soldier's fever. It was necessary for the soldier to drink the contents of three hand grenades to save his life.

The French are successfully converting their weather-baten castles, railway stations, vacant stores and barns into emergency hospitals. Recently a wounded soldier was put in an empty stall in a large roadside barn. The farmer getting up that night went out to the barn and absentmindedly began hitching up the soldier, who was too ill to protest, and only when the farmer began to force a hit into the fellow's mouth did he realize there was something wrong, for his hands came in contact with the soldier's long beard. Thinking he was at the wrong end of his horse, he walked to the other end, but feeling the fellow's big leather boots he knew at once he had gotten into

the wrong stall, and as he lifted the Dutch collar from the soldier's neck his apologies were profuse.

There is a company of English artillerymen so particular with their pieces of ordnance that every morning they rinse the mouths of the guns with an antiseptic wash to prevent disease.

The French are using a very clever device in the Artois district. It is a powerful vacuum cleaner which dangles from the bottom of an aeroplane. The absorptive power of this piece of mechanism is so great that an aeroplane can descend within one hundred yards of a trench, hold the vacuum cleaner over it and suck out of the trench every soldier in it. These soldiers are sucked out with such force they shoot up into the air and bump their heads against a piece of steel at the bottom of the cleaner with such force as to take all the fighting spirit out of them.

The big winged biplanes of the French are con

structed so true to nature that at certain seasons of the year they moult. At times, too, the driver has difficulty in steering them from trees that look like good nesting spots.

In Lorraine German reconnoitring parties have met with some peculiar accidents near Moncel and Somerville. It seems that the French put percussion caps on the back teeth of some horses and then set them loose in the direction of the reconnoiters. The Germans seeing the riderless horses grab for them very willingly. When a Teuton mounts one of these equines the latter snaps his teeth, which causes the caps to explode, blowing himself and rider to pieces. The horses are so loyal that many of them are found standing in line alongside the ammunition wagon with their mouths open waiting to be percussion capped.

The British soldiers at Neuve Chapelle thought up a very clever method of getting the German soldiers

out of their trenches. They would line up several British soldiers who would raise one, two or three fingers. As many of the German soldiers had been waiters at some time or other, at seeing the digits in the air absent-mindedly dropped their guns and walked in the direction of the Englishmen to get their orders for beer. Once out they were an easy prey for the sharpshooters.

Military bands are about as scarce in the present war as whickerized Russian soldiers. Every company of soldiers, however, carries a musician in its ranks, and at nighttime before donning their pajamas the boys are given a little entertainment by dancing or singing to the beautiful strains of a bagpipe. Recently one of those musicians left his life on the battlefield. Crawling out of his trench he got it, but never noticed that it contained about six more holes made by the enemy's bullets, and in his wild attempt to cover all of these holes he broke four fingers.

Coming East

Flirting with the Angels

By Willard Connelley

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HEARFULLY we left Salt Lake City, which was appropriate, because bears are bray and in this case a tribute to the town.

But in departing we left Neph, and his principal wife, Naphtha, that we were a devil-worshipper, and that there'd be the devil by a tip we had more'n one whiff. So like good little Mormons they supported us as the Alps, grudgingly allowed the narrowest possible pass, and a mountain torrent scampers along the tracks. It's tough for a fish to have to live in a river like that. He has to use up all his pep swimming up stream, or else be shot out into the ocean and die of an acute attack of salt water.

Pointing south from Salt Lake by the Rio Grande route, we headed for Colorado Springs, distant one day east, through the Royal Gorge. The place where we turned east was the famous town of Green River, described in a guide book as "a veritable oasis in the desert." Though

We're no stage manager, so we can't describe scenery very well, but the approach to Colorado through the mountains of southern Utah that night was applauded loud and loud by everybody on the observation platform, and there were loud calls for the author. The clouds seemed to

submerge the mountains, and the moon was wearing in and out of the mists, and the rapidity of a porpoise which jumps over and under the waves to greet a passing steamer. For the intruding railroad, jagged gray rocks, husky

as the Alps, grudgingly allowed the narrowest possible pass, and a mountain torrent scampers along the tracks. It's tough for a fish to have to live in a river like that. He has to use up all his pep swimming up stream, or else be shot out into the ocean and die of an acute attack of salt water.

About midnight we struck the Tennessee Pass, where we went through the highest tunnel in the world, far some in Yurpur. The summit of this pass is the Great Continental Divide, so called because when a

guy stands on top of it he won't give a continental which way he walks. Anyway is down hill.

A few chaps further on and we rolled alongside the Arkansas River. Funny how Colorado grabs the names of other States, like Tennessee and Arkansas, to designate certain localities within her borders. But all

States do it. Actors aren't the only things which pluck names. Why, right over in Jersey they have the crust to call a town West New York.

We made Colorado Springs in mid-afternoon through the Rocky Mts. Think how old

Tab Pile and old Johnny Fremont had to boot it in the bad old days, and you'll realize that life'd be a snoring without the aid of a railroad in this

area when people won't admit walking's good. The object in catching the Springs was to make Pike's Peak, from

where you can get an idea of what's going on all over Colorado. It's where John D., or his son, the well-known oil-and-ironer, might have been at the time of the Marysville mine murders, had they taken much interest

in human lives other than their own. The little cog-wheel railway climbing from Manitou, a rubber of

Col. Spgs. up to the Puyuma of America, 14,000 feet above any ocean on the map, crawls up the snowy mountains like a fly up a window pane.

Only the car seems at times more perpendicular than simply vertical. We

found ourselves sitting in a sort of surface car, nearly all windows, with the seats looking down and sloping down so abruptly that we nearly

lost it in knee. In the attitude of a cross old camel when he has risen about halfway off the ground. The engine was sputtering and hissing away,

huffed up against the rear of the light-seeking car, after the fashion of a crouching pugilist barking at an unresponsive parent.

At length the train began to crunch its way up the mountains, and the grinding over the cogs grew as monotonous as the turn of the ice

cream tresser which wakes you up early Sunday morning. The conductor, whose uniform consisted of a hat with gold braid, stood at the

head of the car and shrilly piped what to notice. "On the right," he squeaked, "is the elephant."

We rubbedred out, saw a rock which was the color of an elephant, well enough, but—well, we wish we had more imagination. Across the

mountain peaks of the Rockies. A vast ocean of land was at the disposal of our eyes, save where the clouds—those which had been up all night—

hung low. Half a dozen huge checkerboards denoted the local of driving Colorado towns. At least, we suppose they thrive, because we saw

rolling smoke issuing from flinty outlined attacks, and that's indicative there was a little spark of coal still burning, wouldn't it?

Colorado Springs, the guide perked, was fourteen miles east, as a bird would fly, but how'd he know birds so straight? Some birds go wrong. Now we knew a bird named Teasie—or we wouldn't audit you

her name, so forget it. All the same, if he'd been paid a living wage—

Returning to Manitou, we were in the Cave of the Winds. We always

thought the only original cave stood at Coney Island, but no, this one is original. The guide led us in among the stalactites and stalagmites, which we found merrily dripping themselves together, as they have done

seven million years ago next November. A feature of the cave was the "Wedding Chancel," where a bunch of stalactites and stalagmites have grouped

themselves around an oval aperture, leaving just space enough for a bride and her captive to stand up before a knot-maker. Several score wed-

dings had been pulled off there, the guide said, but they discontinued the idea, because it was running matrimony into the ground.

All Baba and his forty thongs would have all written personal letters of devout thanks and greeting Allah had they found this cave wherein to hide their gems and bangles. As it is, the place is

even now a goldmine for gold mine owners.

The Humorous Junk Shop

Lewis Allen, Prop.

You never can tell what you will find in a junkshop, nor where it came from, nor who first made it, nor just how much it is worth, but if you're human you like to poke around in one.—L. A.

SAFETY FIRST.

There was a young man from the Bronx Who had his tip when he heard auto horns. One day, as he fled, He trembly said, "It is me for the moon!"

Some one wrote a sonnet and likened woman to a glow-worm. He was a wise guy.

Did you ever see how plain a glow-worm is in the bright light of day?

TUT TUT!

It was in a backwoods farming district that young Sam Higgins murdered his aged parents with an axe.

He was taken before old Deacon Roberts for a preliminary hearing. The deacon, also Justice of the Peace and local Judge, said his steel rimmed spectacles down to the end of his nose, peered over them rather pathetically at surly Sam, stroked his goatee, and finally said:

"Now, look here, Sam, you know yourself you ain't been doin' just right, have you?"

PROVERBS OF A PUNJAB—Halt a palama to better than nothing at all to sleep in.

WHEN A MAN'S LONESOME.

When Jones' wife is home you'll find That he's a quite discreet. This is the way, with head afloat, He walks along the street!

But when he wife's away, dear Sam, Then some thing is amiss.

For late at night he hears for home

me so like it

W

Just for Fun

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Force of Habit.

"Why the noise?"

"The barber is shaving himself."

"But why the argument?"

"He is trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo."

A Misplaced Hint.

MALE STRAPHANGER—Now, you are standing, on my foot! Female DITO—Big pardon, sir. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down.

Quite Competent.

A NEGRO preacher paid the following remarkable tribute to a white preacher who had consented to occupy the black brother's pulpit one Sunday. He said:

"Dis noted divines is one of de greatest men of de age. He knows de unknowable, he kin do de undoable, an' he kin oversee de overseeable!"

Smile in Court.

AT a recent trial one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed:

"Mr. Kilkenny, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I told you, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

A Social Connection.

RE you acquainted with Mrs. Hilly, your fashionable neighbor?"

"Only in a roundabout way. Her cat boards at my house."

Revenge.

YOU have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another.

"That I have, indeed," replied the other. "I was up before the magistrate last week for assaulting Cassidy, and the magistrate said that if I came back on the same charge he would fine me two pounds."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And you're working so as to keep your hands off Cassidy?"

"Don't believe it," said the industrious man, "I'm working hard to save up the forty shillings."

ODE TO THE LADY ON OUR SILVER COINS.

Fair maid, how I have longed for thee, That classic face of thine I feared would never look on me, Much less be wholly mine!

And now that thou art mine indeed— In fact my last resource— It always happens "disful need" Is grounds for our divorce.

It makes a man mad to have another man call him "rascal," but, see, ain't it great to have a woman call you that?

WHAT YOU SHOULD SAY, TO THE MILITARY GIRL—"Go powder your nose!"

TO THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN—"Patience on a moment will finally result in many moments on many patients!"

TO A POET—"Don't be averse to hard knocks. Life isn't all one sweet song. There are verses and reverses."

Every one is laughing at a California chap who declares seriously that the sun is inhabited. They say the sun is altogether too hot to be inhabited.

But there's that Other Place Billy Sunday mentions so frequently That is inhabited:

A WIFE ALLOWANCE—All that her husband can scrape together.

Have your pennies and the butcher will get your dollars

HINTS ON DRESSING. If you are going to a prize fight, wear a box coat.

Rampage styles these war times include gun-metal buckles, soft dirt, plenty of powder, bang your hair, shell jewelry, and have it charged!

For the girl with a peach of an ankle and ankle—those laces that are always coming untied.

There's no reason why single people cannot wear union suits.

Told About the War

By F. P. Fitzner

I might interest you to know that the Germans are supplying the allies with 500,000 shells a day. The shells, however, generally explode before the allies can use them.

The holes made by bombs dropped onto London by German airplanes are being used by the farmers in a very practical manner. These farmers come in from suburban towns and hang around the city, and whenever a bomb falls and digs its way into the earth they immediately shovel out the newly-made hole, put it into a waiting truck and cart it up to the farm. The holes are used by the farmers for wells, and this saves considerable time digging as the holes are merely shoveled into the ground. Some of these holes are from eight to ten feet long. Sometimes bricks are built around them and they are used for chimneys. Other times they are cut up into small pieces and used for bang-holes.

The Serbians, too, are beginning to exert their cleverness. They have a Luther Burbank in their midst who has cultivated a cactus seed that will grow over night.

An airplane is loaded with the weed and flies at night it is dropped in a trench with this prickly shrubbery as a companion and it grows as rapidly as it is cut down. Frequently an Australian will lie down in a trench only to be awakened about midnight by a sharp feeling on that side of his anatomy nearest the ground. His first impression is that a healthy porcupine has sneaked into the trench, but when

the sharp pains begin to resemble the rough side of a nutmeg grater the soldier is forced to retire from the trench and thus makes an easy prey for the German sharpshooters.

During the Summer campaign the German gunners were generally stripped to the waist. Learners of this, the French aviators began shooting green chestnut burrs at them from air guns and this compelled the Germans to put on heavy overcoats, which greatly retarded their efficiency in handling the smaller pieces of ordnance.

The Germans have thought up a very clever method of disposing of English soldiers. As every one knows sleep is very essential, but the Germans have equipped bombs with small instruments which whistle while flying through the air "God save the King." As these bombs are kept sailing through the air incessantly the English soldiers are compelled to stand up continually and in a few days, as a consequence thereof, die of exhaustion.

Its Real Purpose. "WAITER," called the irascible customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"

"Yesah," replied the sorely tried servant.

"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavor it."

"Oh, sah, he wa'n't put in dar fur flavor!" puppess, sah; he's put in ter chrizen it."

Taking the Hint. JUDGE (discharging prisoner)—And in the future see that you keep out of bed company.

Prisoner—"Thank you, your honor; you won't see me here again."

HENRY



THERE is a fellow here IN this town WHO GETS paid almost nothing EVERY WEEK. AND THERE are fifty-two weeks EVERY YEAR. AND THIS fellow BORROWS tobacco FROM NEARLY every man HE MEETS. HE DOESN'T care WHETHER IT'S the kind HE IS USED TO BORROWING OR NOT— JUST SO HE CAN get it. AND sometimes people GET TIRED LOANING tobacco TO THE same man ALL THE time. AND THE other day I SAID: "No; YOU'RE a bum AND a beat AND I'm off that. LOANING BUSINESS to you REMEMBERTHAT!" AND I told others ABOUT WHAT I'd done. AND A man named Sam WHO KNOWS this fellow SAID: "THAT'S FUNNY that he should BORROW TOBACCO that-a-way BECAUSE HE doesn't use tobacco TO SMOKE, OR CHEW, OR ANYTHING." AND I marvelled at it. AND I'm quite a marveler WHEN I get started.

A MARVELING. SO I slauted some AND I learned things I NEVER knew BEFORE. IT SEEMS that this fellow WHO BORROWS tobacco GOES DOWN TO A prison NEARLY every day OF the week. AND THERE are fifty-two weeks EVERY YEAR. RAIN OR shine AND HE hands out ALL THE tobacco he has begged TO THE prisoners. WHETHER HE knows them OR NOT. AND SOME of them ARE PERFECT strangers TO HIM. FOR MOST of the men in prison CAN'T BORROW tobacco. LIKE THIS fellow— OR FRIENDS. AND I haven't soon THAT BORROWING man FOR SEVERAL days. BUT WHEN I see him I'M GOING to lend him ALL THE tobacco I HAVE. WHETHER IT'S the kind HE'S USED TO BORROWING OR NOT.

THE next morning—but why go on with this painful story?

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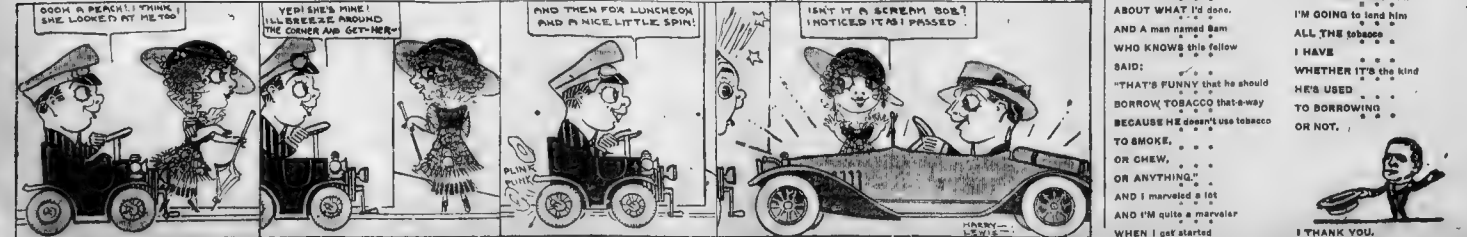
THE next morning—but why go on with this painful story?

THE next morning—but why go on with this painful story?

THE next morning—but why go on with this painful story?

Don't Count Your Chickens Before She's Caught

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DOOM A PECK! I THINK SHE LOOKED UP ME-THE

YEP! SHE'S MINE! I'LL BEEZE AND THE CHICKEN AND GET-MER

AND THEN FOR LUNCHEON AND A NICE LITTLE SPIN!

ISN'T IT A SCREAM BOB? NOTICED IT WAS I PASSED

PINK PINK

HENRY

I THANK YOU.



No. 4

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 does not to say in the

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But why don't you simplify it? It's a true game, a sane gentlemanly game, with all these calculations? 'What end do I do?' says he. 'Why,' says 'we might write a little note to yer partner describin' yer hand an' slip it to him under the table.' 'That would be cheatin', says he. 'This is a game of chance, says he. 'Well, says he. 'I noticed that the croupier didn't bother his partner with any such intricate system. His wife giv'n information is more natchrel an' simple.' I don't understand what he was drivin' at, but he was right. I noticed that the croupier watched that innocent fellow. He studied his hand for two minutes. Then he counted his suits with his finger wiffo he wore garfin' into yer beautiful hands his cards and looked over at Grady an' up at the ceilin'. Then he jerked up 'er hand again an' studied it. I rather think Grady mightn't be so large as a great city. But he did."

Wednesday-We're gonna take up all the presidents this turn from Washington to Wilson. Wait! I was living in Washingtons time. There wasn't hardly any history to learn in them days.

Thursday-Teacher says she was in Europe and she oughta stop. Sure. Look at her face. She's got a smoochy like a baby who's gotta get it.

Friday-Now we've got grammar today which is tuff. Teacher says we gotta

His tale turns to the south.
Teacher says I'm gonna be a grate poet. But I'll never write big ones only little ones so they'll be easy to learn in school and the boys won't get sore at me.

Lucky day.
Teacher made me monitor of the inkwells. I cote ideas them evry Friday and I can get my hands dirty sumthin ferce. These I can leave the room to wash and lose half the grammar lesson.

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you told me we were fighting three to one."

Our Weekly Health Hint.
Never look for a gas leak with

"I'd thank you gentlemen for the last three months' rent," said

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1

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How to Have Health and Muscles Like Mine—By Jess Willard

The Twenty-third of an Instructive and Valuable Series of Remarkable Athletic Lessons and Health Hints for Men, Women, Boys and Girls, Written for This Page by the Physical Champion of the World



PHOTOS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE.

Miss Irene Marcellus, the famous model, illustrating Willard's shoulder exercise.

By Jess Willard.

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TODAY I am giving you my second article on the broomstick exercises, which no doubt you have already started to take up from what I told you last Sunday. If you have tried them you no doubt are by this time feeling the first effects and are eager and anxious to read more along the same line. It is really startling how useful the such deplorable broomstick can be made to be, and, in fact, there are many other household articles within your reach that can be used in conjunction with physical culture exercise.

I take it for granted that all of you who have been writing to me with queries concerning shoulder development have mapped out a good program for yourselves with these broomstick exercises. You will, therefore, remember, of course, the lesson in which I laid the stick behind my back, like the girl on the right-hand side of the page is doing today.

The exercise consisted, as I told you, of jerking the broomstick upward as forcibly as possible. Today my picture shows me with the stick held behind my back, but I am illustrating an entirely different set of movements. This movement is one that directly affects the small muscles between the shoulders.

Instead of jerking the stick upward, twist it sideways, first to the right and then to the left. Grip the stick tightly and work your arms vigorously. Do not sway or move the body at all. By that I mean you must not bend at the waist. If you do you lose the effect of the exercise on the small back muscles and get only a waist exercise.

It is a good thing to alternate this exercise with the one where you jerk the stick upwards. I should say that practicing each one ten times for the first week, and twenty times a day each thereafter, would be about right.

I don't like to mix in other exercises when I take up a certain subject, but so many girls and women write to me concerning exercises to reduce the size of the waistline that I'll have to give them some attention.

The two top pictures are of Miss Irene Marcellus, one of the most perfectly formed young girls I have ever seen. As a model she is exactly the right type to illustrate what I mean when I say that careful and healthy living combined with a certain amount of exercise will bring both boys and girls a robust form and happiness. Miss Marcellus is not what I would call an athletic type. She does not go in for strenuous activities, but confines herself to simple exercises such as I teach. Her mother told me that since babyhood she had always seen to it that her daughter got plenty of fresh air and exercised her lungs daily.

The result is shown in the picture. I don't have to go into detail to describe it to you. Her two pictures show her practicing a waist exercise that I taught her myself. It is the

You can't wear a corset if you want to try this reducing exercise.

simplest thing in the world, and hardly anyone who had not practiced it would believe it would bring such quick and beneficial results.

It consists simply in first raising one hand in the air and then the other, as she is doing. As one hand goes up bring the other down. Do it fast and vigorously, bending the waist at the same time. To my girl and women readers I would state that this exercise can't be done properly if you are wearing a corset. And don't forget, also, that all the tight lacing in the world isn't going to reduce you.

The girl in the picture underneath that of Miss Marcellus on the left-hand side of the page is illustrating another waist exercise that is excellent for reducing or for keeping the waistline at its proper proportions.

To practice this stand with the feet fairly wide apart. Then bend backward as far as you can. Straddle up and bend forward. Be sure to stop for a moment when you straighten up or the exercise may make you dizzy. You might vary this by bending also from side to side after taking off your corsets.

It seems that my boy readers can't get enough arm exercises. "Can't you tell us some more arm exercises, Mr. Willard?" writes a youth from Buffalo, N. Y., and another in far off Deadwood, South Dakota, sends this appeal: "I want to have big, strong arms, but I work in an office and don't have time for any outdoor exercise."

Well, boys, I know lots of indoor arm exercises, so next week I'll give you a few. This time the kitchen chair comes into action. Just wait and see how useful it can be for other purposes besides sitting.

Letters from Willard Readers.

Building up the forearm, the wrist and the chest muscles will be the subject discussed by Jess Willard in his article next Monday.

GEORGE BATZ, Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are on very good weight for your height, and I see no reason why you should not become a good boxer if your eyes are in good shape and you lead a clean life. I hope you do not mean

This movement is one that directly affects the small muscles between the shoulders. Twist the stick sideways, first to the right then to the left.

© BY A. MERRITT



Photos by International News Service.



This girl is illustrating an exercise that Jess Willard declares is the best he knows for increasing the size of the shoulder muscles.

price fighting when you say boxing. Study boxing, by all means, with the idea of being able to protect yourself when the occasion arises, but if you are thinking of becoming a prize fighter, get that idea out of your head, as only one in thousands ever amounts to any-

Do this movement fast and vigorously to get the most beneficial effects.

thing. At your age the world is before you, and it is now that you should plan out your career. Opportunities for boys to succeed in some progressive line of business are better today than they ever were.

HANNAH RAYBURN, Los Angeles, Cal.—Included in my articles that have already appeared are a number of "reducing" lessons. I do not think your weight is too much for a girl of your height and age. Are't you worrying about something that may not be worth worrying about at all?

R. A. Westerly, R. I.—Read my article on boxing that appeared several weeks ago. Your chest measurement is good.

HERBERT RILEY, Tremont street, Boston, Mass.—Thank you very much for your letter.

OTTO KOENNING, Newark, N. J.—I would advise you to first see a chiropractor. Ask him about the shoes you wear, and see if you can't get a pair of shoes made to order that will aid your feet. This may aid you considerably, but I doubt if you will be able to ever be a runner or high jumper. As for your arm muscles, pick out a few of the exercises I am continually describing and you will soon be able to chin the bar as well as your fellows.

Introducing Hans Kronold—Poet

SOMEBODY at the club said the other night that there could be no affinity between the kitchen and the stage. Then another in the party declared that no person with a musical soul could endure even the thought of anything so mundane as the preparation of food. Whereupon our hero, known to some few thousands in a very large city of the country as Kronold, the "cellist," thumped the table with his bow hand and swore that his kitchenship was quite as good as his musicianship, that the sight of a bubbling pot gave him the same sort of a thrill he felt when interpreting a great composition, that he was ready and willing to prove his assertion by actual performance in the double role of "cellist and chef."

The challenge was instantly accepted; Miss Idelle Peterson, late star of the De Wolf Hopper company, who will appear this season with David Bispham in "Adelaide," was chosen guest of honor; and the date for the demonstration was set, also the place—the Kronold residence. (The family being still away in the country).

So much for the prelude. Follows a condense report of what transpired on the big night: In cap and apron the musician received his guests, announced that the soup was almost at the service point and introduced his accompanist. Accompanist pleased with one of his own compositions. Kronold could be heard juggling dishes in time—then the dining room was opened.

The soup was good. And a committee reported that it had really been made in a pot and not heated in a can. Also the sweetbreads. First played one of his own compositions while the steak la Jardin was sizzling—and the steak did not burn. The potatoes Julienne were fried chaussons, the guest of honor yowled. Salad, dessert, coffee, etc., etc.—exactly to an epicurean's taste. And between those a Spanish dance, a lullaby and a folk song!

Only then did Kronold remove his cap and apron—to make a confession. He had forgotten the French peas—those French peas over which he had labored long and lovingly! Misereur. But he had two other statements to make:

I. In all his cooking activities he had not broken a dish (which proves that a man can do anything).

2. He had decided to form an association of mus-

icians to take up cooking seriously—first, as interesting recreation; second, for the benefit of learning as art that could be practiced far from the kitchen audience.

He signed those present as a membership nucleus, then passed around as souvenirs printed slips containing these verses:

MY KITCHEN SINK
By Hans Kronold.

To draw the bow o'er the vibrant string
And waken the soul of your 'cello
To melody such as the angels sing—
"Tis something, I vow—but a fellow
Can't eat the wonderful song you know,
Or even the strings or the rosin or bow,
So I've purchased a cap and an apron, too,
And have mastered the art of making a stew.

A sea of faces, tumultuous acclaim,
In the front a most corpulent officer!
But a kitchen sink, quite unknown to fame,
Has peculiar attractions to fane,
To the right and the left the shimmering pans,
The shelves filled with delicious cans!
With an ice pick a truly artistic glint,
Can make a Sam Lloyd of a kitchen sink!

To scallop the furtive best with ass
Is a feat that calls for nerve.
To strangle the roast and potatoes and peas,
Then to dress these right to serve!
Oh, give me a menu from German to Chin!
And I'll symbolize something out of my skin—
A triumph of art on a single plate
No chef in the world could duplicate.

I sing to you now in a condiment key
Or a minor of grocery grain.
The carving knife is the bow for me
And your choice of fat or lean!
The soul of the 'cello! No, flat of sole!
The vibrant strings? No, the chopping bowl!
The wine of applause, usual meat and drink!
No, my latest concerto!—The Kitchen Sink!

"Rich Man—It Is Your Turn"

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THERE is an admirable cartoon by Balfour Ker, and its lesson is this: The rich can make themselves safe only by making

the poor safe. They can make themselves and their children secure from disease only by saving the poor from disease.

The germs that breed in the swamp and the poverty-stricken home travel swiftly up the hill to the palace where the rich man lives.

Many a man has seen his child carried out in a coffin and has asked himself, "How could it happen when I did everything, hired all the doctors, spent all the money?"

His answer is, "You did it for your child but not for the children dying in the slum below you. It was the germ, the deadly disease arrow from that poor dying child, that carried your child to the grave."

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

If the spirit of Christianity were alive to-day it would say, "Inasmuch as you do not give protection to the children of the poor, you cannot give protection to your own."

You know that you cannot shut out from your eyes the sight of suffering.

You know also that you cannot shut out from your homes the germs of disease.

You must destroy them all in the hollow and on the hill or take your share of them and make your contribution to the graveyard and to unnecessary death.

If the powerful men of the world could see the meaning of this picture, there would be less misery, fewer slums. Disease would be fought not selfishly but on a scale as wide as the nation and as wide as the world.

Through the Miserable Homes of the Poor, Death Walks. He Goes Through the Gutters, the Rooms Infected with Tuberculosis, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria. He Goes and Knocks for Those He Has Chosen. Disease and Its Germs Travel with Him and Go Ahead of Him. When the Time Comes He Knocks at the Door of the House on the Hill and Says, "You Come, Too."

But each selfishly thinks that he can protect himself and his own while neglecting others. It will cost the world many more hundreds of millions of unnecessary deaths to learn that what you don't do for others you cannot do for yourself.

There is interesting thought in this picture of life and death and disease on our planet—the man of power made responsible for his indifference to others, death bringing to his door the disease that would never have visited him had he done his duty among the poor.

It is an old story. The French king knew it when he lay dying of smallpox, even his servants fleeing from him. He had neglected his subjects—death did not neglect him.

A thousand Eastern princes have known it, dying of the plague which visited their palaces because they did not know enough to protect their people.

But what of the life that comes after this one? Men have had invented for them various religions, nearly all of them promising to the well behaved a perfect home following this.

A heaven above and a hell below were the usual promise of those who made religion and morality their business. Belief in this promise persists widely despite the discovery of the fact that the earth

turns around and there is no "above" and no "below."

But suppose the belief of those who preach reincarnation should be true.

What of life on this little earth glued to it by the power of gravitation? What we throw up into the air must fall back to the earth.

Suppose that spirit consciousness is also kept on this earth as the reincarnationists believe.

A man now living is worth his hundreds of millions and he is very old. Before many years he must give up the worn out body in which he lives. He believes that as a Methodist or a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian or a Mohammedan or a Catholic or a Baptist heaven is waiting for him.

But suppose he is mistaken. Suppose what is really waiting for him is the body of some brown Egyptian baby still unborn on the banks of the Nile.

In Egypt you can see a thousand babies with the flies gathered in black clouds on their diseased eyes, every one of them doomed to blindness in childhood.

Suppose you could show a row of those Egyptian babies to Rockefeller, Gould, Rothschild, and say to them truly, "When you die you will live in a body like that."

Can't you see Rothschild, Gould and Rockefeller hurrying to Egypt to kill off the flies and organize competent corps of eye doctors?

Yet if you leave out faith, which is

beautiful and powerful, the most reasonable belief is, apart from revelation, that life on this planet remains on this planet as do force and matter.

We have a good many religions already. Out of a hundred, of course, at least ninety-nine must be wrong.

Could we perhaps stand another one teaching the rich and powerful that they come right back here to live over again as soon as their bodies die?

How our feelings would change toward our neighbors if we knew that we must come back and occupy the first vacant body!

Suppose you could say to the owner of the mill in which children are ground to death, "The soul of the child buried from your house yesterday will come back to live in the body of the mill child." Would not that interest even a child labor employer?

Suppose the "scientist" were told that there is only one kind of consciousness, the same in all living creatures, and especially were he told, "For all you know the spirit of your dead mother may be living in the body of that dog stretched on your operating table." Would not that interest him?

You may say that such speculations are gruesome. So they are. But if you dismiss from your mind belief in any particular hereafter, you must admit that this earth, this place, this residence, and

this life, the only things that we actually know, offer the most reasonable solution of our "future after death." Many of the big men have done a good deal for the unfortunate.

Would they do more and do it more intelligently if they knew that they were coming back to live in the body of a sore-eyed Egyptian baby or a child infected with a blood disease before its birth?

Perhaps and probably not. We are wound up very ingeniously and made to work in what is probably the best way for us in view of our development.

Certain religions teach that it is a sin to kill any animal—because your grandmother's spirit may be living in it. Hence the filthy monkey gardens in India, the half-starved condition of the people who eat no meat.

It is probable no change in government or change in religion or change in anything EXCEPT OURSELVES will make the human race any better.

If men do good it is because they have progressed far enough to WANT TO DO GOOD.

If they refrain from crime it is not because they are afraid of being burned alive forever by a monstrous vengeful god who first makes them criminal and then burns them for being what he made them.

Men do good because they want to do good. They refrain from crime because they have self-respect and ambition.

Slow development is the rule with a race, as it is with the unborn chicken inside of the egg.

It takes three weeks to hatch a chicken—if you break open the shell before the three weeks are up you meet an unpleasant sight.

It takes so many million years to hatch a human race. We are not yet hatched, and anybody who looks inside of our shell looks upon things very unpleasant.

What a "Blockaded" Nation Can Do to Keep from Starving

Curious and Instructive Expedients Reported to in Germany to Conserve the Food Supply.

By Dr. Paul Elitzbacher
Acting Director of the Berlin High School.
(in a Pamphlet)

THE following interesting article is taken from a pamphlet issued in Germany by the government and dealing with the food situation in that country caused by the war and England's cutting off of food imports. The pamphlet was edited by Dr. Paul Elitzbacher, Acting Director of the Berlin High School, and is evidently the result of enormous research by Germany's economists and other scientists. The real gravity of the food situation in the Kaiser's land may be judged by the curious expedients suggested in the work, which has been widely distributed.

One thing must under all circumstances be done—reduce the number of heads. A great quantity of imported food is lacking, especially barley, maize, bean and oil-seed. As far as these have partly been used for feeding furs, partly for increasing the yield of corn, milk beyond what could be obtained with home foder. We should only add to our deficit if we were to replace these inferior animal stuffs as corn, which could be used directly for man food, for passed through an animal more than half the nutritive value is lost. In addition, we are obliged to deprive the cattle of some of the foodstuffs suitable for human food with which they have hitherto been fed.

The government has therefore forbidden under penalty the use of bread corn as foder, amounting in dry tone to 2,000,000 tons yearly. We must in future divide the available foder among a smaller number of heads, for it is in general more advantageous to feed a small number abundantly than a larger number sparingly.

The leaves of beets and potatoes if carefully harvested and preserved are useful foder, and a great part of the green stuff which is usually ploughed in may be preserved, as well as crops grown in the bottom-lands of the principal crops, such as Chinese radish, white mustard, etc. These measures were already recommended at the beginning of the war by the Agricultural Society and by experienced farmers.

Considerable quantities of grain and potatoes are used for human food by their use in the process of starch making and brewing. Application of starch must be limited. The employment of beer for medicinal purposes, and some insensate person should discover a substitute for patent beer.

Fat will soon fail. The foreign animal fats—e. g. American lard and Siberian butter—are scarce, and also the foder with which we have heretofore produced the home animal fats, especially oil-seed. We must therefore lack the foreign vegetable fats which serve for artificial butter.

An increased production of linned oil and new sources, as, for instance, beechwood and sunflower seeds, may be of little but not seriously affect the situation.

Many Uses for Cheese Suggested.
By far the most important substitutes for meat are milk, cheese, buttermilk and skim milk. Milk plays a special part among all food stuffs, since, as the natural food of the young, it covers all that the body requires in each category of foodstuffs. The production of milk butter should be limited, since it leads to a waste of skim milk used as foder, and so to a larger production of milk. The use of skim milk can hardly be increased, but should not be reduced; a certain amount of skim milk (one place), the use of skim milk taking the place of full milk for cooking.

The consumption of cheese should be increased. Full cheese is, as to speak, conventional food, containing in convenient form the practically all its valuable constituents, and it is more nourishing than moderately fat meat. It has the advantage over milk of appearing light, and for many people of greater digestibility. Milk cows in food value only about one-half of meat, and full cheese, such as Tilsit, is cheaper even than milk, on account of its convenient transport and keeping property. More important still is the production in future of skim cheese in larger quantities.

As soon as the knowledge is general that with its proteid content and appetizing flavor it is a cheap substitute for meat, bread and cheese will often take the place of bread and cheese. Unfortunately for meat, bread and cheese is limited in contrast to full cheese, and cheese has little flavor, but is on this account the more suitable for bread-making. It is especially suitable for children, if it is carefully prepared. It is also used in soups, and already figures extensively in the diet of the German and Austrian people.

Of great importance is the use of skim milk to replace meat. As a beverage it has little value, but as a cooking ingredient, full milk in cooking and baking. In preparation of foods the taste is indistinguishable from that of full milk, and it is an excellent food for children and also for adults in days when meat is scarce. The employment of puddings, which by their content in skim milk, sugar and food replace fat, is not only a resource in time of urgent need, but a means of permanent importance for the future of the nation.

Lastly, as meat substitutes we have the vegetable products which are rich in proteid. Among these are the most important are the pulses—peas, beans, and lentils. Their proteid content is equal to that of meat, and the consequence of the hard work is much less digestible than that of meat or milk. But cooking can largely remove the indigestible in the case of peas, and they are therefore a cheap substitute for meat and should continue to use even with a rise of price. Nuts, chestnuts and fungi, although rich in proteid, are of much less importance on account of their hard envelope.

Of potatoes we now consume some fourteen

Pierre Loti's Picture of Ruined Ypres. "The Pompeii of the Great War"

"Everything That Had Been Preserved for Centuries, Its Homes of State, Its Exquisite Carved Woodwork, Its Splendid Paintings, Its Priceless Books, Were Burnt Up Like So Much Dirty Straw."

By Pierre Loti

The Famous French Novelist.

SAD ruins under a light, which seems to want to go out before his hour. Vanishing ruins and so many of these mysteriously charming old windows, which at once evoke in the mind the middle ages, gothic art and its splendid culmination so soon passed away! I had been accustomed to see the relic of that art only isolated, in the form of some old church or monastery rising up amid the things of our day.

But here there is an ensemble. In the first place a great cathedral which extends itself into complicated dependencies and then palace whose high turreted facade stretches out in long vistas their optical windows. It is a grouping almost unique in the world, made up of slender columns, of arches and of arches all of one piece.

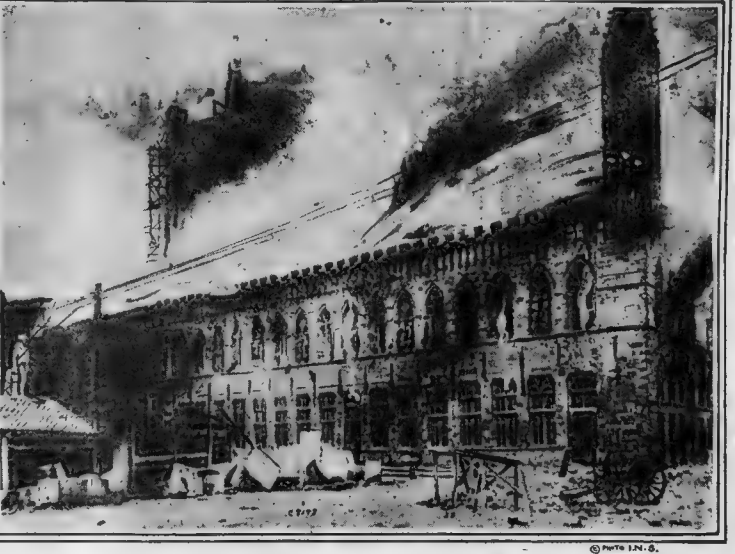
Around the bluish ruins the public square is filled with soldiers who mount guard or circulate slowly in little silent parties, with a step as if they were oppressed by the thought of something that everyone knows, but does not speak of. There are also many women poorly dressed, with anxious faces, and little children; but this humble civil population is swamped in the sea of rough uniforms, nearly all of them muddy, which clearly have been through long battles.

The black uniforms of the British and the almost black Belgian uniforms are mingled with the "horizon blue" capes of our French soldiers, who are in the majority; all this melts into a shade that is almost neutral, but two or three red burruses of Arab chiefs appear in an unexpected and startling way among the throngs. In the color of a foggy winter evening.

Endless ruins, indeed, but when one looks closer, inflexible ruins, for the injuries seem to be of yesterday, the cracks are too white among the ancient gray of the facade and towers; and here and there through the windows with broken panes we see on the interior walls the glitter of gold and color.

It is not that the war has done this, but that the war has spared these marvels, and up to our day men had never sought to destroy them even among the direct social upheavals and the most irregular wars. To commit such a deed there had to be savages. They are still there, close at hand, hidden in their burrows of muddy earth completing each day their intricate work of multiplying the storms of metal to revolve themselves on these sacred things.

Near the mutilated cathedral, that marvel of a hundred windows, which still remains almost erect, is the famous Hall of the Cloth makers, constructed at the time of the most splendid age of Flanders, whose appearance has grown familiar to all eyes since the appearance of the barbarian made it still more celebrated. One black, stormy night it burst into flames with a sinister majesty and everything it contained of gold and silver, of tapestries, its splendid paintings, its priceless books, were burnt up like so much dirty straw.



The Cloth Hall of Ypres, One of the Most Famous Ancient Buildings in Belgium, After the Bombardment.

The tragic hour when this giant among the bellies of Flanders received its death blow. Around the great square of Ypres, where these elders of the past had so long been preserved intact, several houses of ancient Flemish architecture have been wrecked and show their interiors through great, gaping wounds. The barbarians did not do to destroy. They simply because these houses were too near the points aimed at by them: the cathedral and the old palace. We know that everywhere, here at Louvain, Arras, Soissons and Rheims, it was upon the great monuments of architecture that they fired with the greatest joy. It is always that they fired at oratory that they seek to destroy.

To have committed these destructions, to have transferred to a field of ruins this peaceful Belgium, which was before all things an inextinguishable museum, was an ignominious crime. But it was also a masterpiece of the diabolical stupidity of that stupidity which Schopenhauer himself could not help yawning during the career of his last moments. For this act signs and seals, the confession of ignominy, for the edification of neutrals and the generations to come. The victims tortured and beheaded, the women and children shot and mutilated, will soon decay in their nameless graves and the world will remember them no longer. But these ignominious ruins of museums and churches are overwhelming documents of conviction which will endure.

After having done all that, to deny it is perhaps still more stupid, to deny it in face of the evidence, with an impudently that the French or the English are trying to deny it, to say that the French or the English are trying to deny it, to say that the French or the English are trying to deny it.

Over the debris of ruins, the gloomy daylight still goes down, but with a special largely used where we use butter. Exact investigations have shown that taking of some 12 to 15 grams of sugar is half hourly intervals can remove the sense of fatigue, increase alertness and thereby in various forms should be part of the amusements to the troops in the field. The frequent assumption that the use of dry sugar produces thirst is incorrect; on the contrary, it produces increased salivation and thereby moistens the mouth. The production of thirst is unobtainable, because in the oxidation of sugar in the body the only waste product is water. The weight of water is formed. No large amount of raw sugar can be taken, but it can be made up into cheap fruit preserves and various forms of cakes and wafers and as an addition to coffee and milk. The use of dry sugar is no luxury, but makes these drink nutritious. It must be borne in mind that sugar is not merely a sweetener, but, which for weight equivalent as a foodstuff in the flour.

slowness. One could hardly see clearly at noon on this dull Fall day; at this late hour there is only a little more unrepentant and gloom over the distant objects. And that is what tells me that the night is coming. They look instinctively at the roofs, these thousands of soldiers who make their melancholy evening promenade; but, as a rule, they keep at a distance, leaving them to their espionage and isolation.

However, here are three of them, Frenchmen and probably newcomers, who approach with hesitation and then advance almost under the arches of the agonized cathedral, with a constrained air as if they were making a visit to the tomb. After they have looked for some time without saying anything, one of them utters an epithet you may guess to whom it is addressed—which is without doubt the most insulting one he knows in his language of France: "Oh, les voyous!" (Oh, the blackguards).

It was an expression unexpected by me and made me smile and the next minute seemed to me a happy choice. The written words lack the intention which I am powerless to give. But indeed, this compliment, as it was pronounced, seems to me something new to add to other epithets addressed to the Germans, epithets always a little beneath the mark, and besides, too often repeated. He says again, our little blackballed soldier, he stamps his foot with anger: "Oh, les voyous! Les voyous de voyous!"

The night is about to fall, the real night which will send all appearance of life here. Little by little the crowd of soldiers disappears from the darkening streets which, of course, will not be lit up from a distance by the light of the moon or the stars, but in certain places where they will be without sleep, certain to be aroused at one moment or another by shells or by the "flying" gas, they call big bombs which burst with the noise of a thunderbolt.

Poor, brave children of France, rolled up in their blue mantles, not knowing at what hour death will fall on them from afar, blind through the fog of obscurity, the most amiable and most delicate of the human race, which is without usefulness as well as with out excuse. Sometimes it is a rain of fire which keeps up for a long time, sometimes it

Much should be otherwise in our nutrition. Vegetable food must take a large place. It is not only a resource in time of urgent need, but a means of permanent importance for the future of the nation. The spirit of the food is chiefly produced from useful fat. The spirit of the food is chiefly produced from useful fat. The spirit of the food is chiefly produced from useful fat.

Waste of food may also occur in the use of spirit, starch and soap, for the former are

is only an isolated shell that falls and may be killed someone by accident. As they wait the drama of coming night the ruin are so veiled in silence. Here and there a little fearful light is exposed in some still inhabited house where the windows are peated up with paper to hold together the fragments or where the entrances to the underground refuges are protected by sacks of earth.

Would you believe it, some people supremely obstinate or else too poor or too old to go away remained at Ypres during the bombardment and suffer—and then so near to us, hardly a stone's throw away, these other burrows, more ferocious and more sordid, where watch the intractable savages always ready to rush forth to compact masses with furious cries or to steal up treacherously and pour fiery liquid upon our troops?

How long the twilight are drawn out in these Fall days! Without looking at the time I can guess that it is late, and I realize that the weather is a vague presage of Winter. Upon the greater square, now deserted, three or four little girls run around as if they were dead, quite little ones who must be six years old at the most; they have escaped from a sleeping cave and they take hands to dance in the light, as on a day evening, to an old song of Flanders. Another girl, a big one of ten years, comes to silence them, holding out her arms as they had behaved badly, and drives them to the door of the house where their mothers will put them to bed.

Oh! the unappealing address of this child, her bare feet, which I saw there as I wandered alone at the close of a cold night of Fall, and which I saw there as I wandered alone at the close of a cold night of Fall, and which I saw there as I wandered alone at the close of a cold night of Fall.

Finally, in the washing of clothes soap should be sparingly used, especially as hard water wastes it in large measure.

made from grain and potatoes, while the latter is chiefly produced from useful fat. The spirit of the food is chiefly produced from useful fat. The spirit of the food is chiefly produced from useful fat.

Chesterton Thinks Prussian Apologies Prove a Decrease in Their Confidence

England's Brilliant Essayist Has a Theory That Germany's Excuses for Seizing Belgium Really Mean She Knows She Will Have to Relinquish It in the End.

By G. K. Chesterton
The Noted English Essayist.

THE Roman Emperor is a human being. Hitherto, as a rule, he has talked as if he were something more, and acted as if he were something less. But he is a human being, and anyone who recognizes the human being which he has not always recognized will certainly make him welcome, but quite sincerely to the natural pleasure which he takes in any good news he may get from the front. Nor is there any need to be vain of such fair-mindedness, for it is made easier for us by the knowledge that, while he has got many things which he is glad to have, he has hardly any where not what he wanted.

It is suggested that more than one of the Roman Emperors was in the habit of having a triumph whenever he could have one. And certainly when the besiegers took Warsaw, for instance, the triumph was as empty as the law, and wrote very little about it. It is not my province to write of such things; and, indeed, there is in the mere moral philosophy of the military science proof enough to make us, if not easy in our minds, at least quite certain that the Prussians are the reverse of easy in theirs.

Is the Prussian Begging for Mercy? There may be signs by which even a civilian can be certain of this. But for anyone with historic memory and judgment, there is one proof of Prussian failure which is at once startling and final. Properly called, it is more ecstatic than the Roman, choked with corpses, the Kaiser's outburst at the throat, Berlin broken to the ground, the Canal blown up, ships at sea, the Prussian has spoken of justice. When he speaks of justice he has begun to beg for mercy. For more than a hundred years he has spread and sunned himself in the sun of his freedom from scruple and religious restraint; he has been sure by saying that he is cunning and swarting the charge that he was cunning and strong.

He has never pretended to recognize any law, human or divine, save the one that possession was nine points of it. When he has tried to defend himself on the basis of law, it is proof that he has little left but a tenth. When the Prussian says that he is a lawbreaker, it is proof that he has little left but a tenth. When the Prussian says that he is a lawbreaker, it is proof that he has little left but a tenth.

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BOSTON SOCIETY REVIVES OLD NEW ENGLAND HARVEST FESTIVAL

An Atmosphere of Bygone Days in Evidence at the Outdoor Fete Held on the Magnificent Storrow Estate at Lincoln

Picturesque scenes and poses taken by T. E. Marr for the Boston Sunday AMERICAN at the barbecue and harvest festival on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Storrow at Lincoln for the benefit of the National Allied Relief Fund.



In the picture at the top at the Autumn flower table appear Miss Brooks and Miss Parker of Concord, Mrs. Sam Cabot, Jr. (with flower basket), and Miss Eleanor Cabot (at the dog show). At the lower left are Miss Gertrude Lovett and Miss Margaret Rotch, as servers of real New England sweet cider. At the right are Miss Jane Elliott, Mrs. Samuel Hagar, Jr., and Miss Martha Thorndike at the preserve table.

Written by

George Randolph Chester

the Famous Creator of Wallingford

Adapted for Motion Pictures by

Charles C. Coddard

Author of "The Perils of Pauline," "The Misleading Lady," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

All Over But the Shouting.

WALLINGFORD, left alone, followed Blackie Daws' whim enough to turn to his table and drink a jovial toast to Billy the Yegg; then he hurried up to the apartments of Professor Schopenhauert in his favorite occupation of mixing unknown chemicals to see whether or not they were dangerous.

"Oh, hello, Jimmy," he said cheerfully as Wallingford entered. "This chemical thing is a big disappointment to me. Not one-tenth of the blooming stuff does anything at all when I mix it. When it does do anything, it's just a little bit of a nuisance. I've only made one explosion since I've been here."

"You have me lashed to the middle-coat," confessed Wallingford. "I've only made one explosion, and that's a pretty good record. I've only made one explosion since I've been here."

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out snickering. The professor, clad only in his underclothing and shoes, and with a half-eaten bread-and-cheese sandwich clutched in his hand, was lying upon his cot snoring most melodiously. It was a stroke of genius to show them that night; they all had a good look, and at the same time their practiced eyes took in and catalogued and inventoried all the strange assortment of articles in Snailley's laboratory, which Wallingford, in his wisdom, had reproduced as faithfully as possible, even to the richest old china cupboard. It was very rich, that room, and the most convincing thing in it was the fact that it was the same as the room in which Blackie Daws had lived. Wallingford led them downstairs into the dining-room, where he more showing his knowledge of newspapermen, he had ordered lunch, and with both bottles and plates of food, and with all kinds of small glassware, with no items at all, moreover, there were stews for times which he preferred them. When the air of the room was blue enough with smoke he made them a little speech.

"The great Snailley cure for old age," he advised them, standing big and smiling at the head of his generous table was never to be exploited for profit. It was the Infomercial Hazard, who embodied in the comfortable good-fellowship of the occasion, interrupted the speech at that point.

"I'll have to rewrite my introduction, Mr. Wallingford," he chattered. "You looked like a specialist in prole to me."

"I had my number," Wallingford admitted, immediately rewriting it. "I was a specialist expert in personal profits, and I expected to be paid for my services. But I was wrong. I'm a plain promoter, Snailley, between you and me, and I have a half-ton short; he had added this subject of senile decay which had made his slender figure rather a thing of grace, and in its stead wore a long, shaggy hair sweater which came down to his knees, over this he had a short, snappy jacket, which he put on the waist and left not less than six inches of wrist revealed. Upon his head he wore the black silk skullcap, upon his eyes the big wood-framed spectacles, and slowly uncoiling his tremendous gaunt length from his low chair at the laboratory bench, he removed his four-foot porcelain pipe from his mouth with a wave, and his feet close together, bowed extravagantly low.

"Chendelmen," he said. "I am blessed by meeting with you."

"One of the poster posters pictured; some others smiled, but all of them took the Herr Doktor most seriously.

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at all these interviews. Wallingford withheld nothing from them, and when any of them present he refused to see anyone privately.

Jimson, of the Orb; Hazard, of the Sphere; Crab, of the Star, and Ochiltree, of the Trumpet, were with him in his study when he had his big nibble. They were enjoying a quiet drink and smoke with Wallingford, when they had come to like immensely, when Jeremiah D. Crimper was announced.

Mr. Crimper was a short gentleman, whose nutcracker whiskers were a more stenation of the mustache which concealed his chin when he closed his toothless mouth at the end of each sentence. With a clean, shaven face, the eagerness of the press he rarely importantly requested the favor of an interview. Wallingford drew himself together in pleasant anticipation.

"Very glad to talk with you, Mr. Crimper," he said. "I will excuse the presence of my whiskers here. I have to secret from them. Mr. Crimper, I have to secret from them. Mr. Crimper, I have to secret from them."

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heals in their frantic haste to get to their respective papers with the greatest expedition.

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apprise, and actually sneezed in his excitement, before he resumed Blackie fervently by the hand.

"You are just in time, Doctor," he said. "You are just in time, Doctor—Doctor—Doctor!" and Snailley looked helplessly at Wallingford.

"You are just in time, Doctor," he said. "You are just in time, Doctor—Doctor—Doctor!" and Snailley looked helplessly at Wallingford.

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"You are just in time, Doctor," he said. "You are just in time, Doctor—Doctor—Doctor!" and Snailley looked helplessly at Wallingford.

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1911 Ford, 5-Pass., \$285

1912 Chalmers "Close Couple", \$285

1912 Hudson Touring, \$300

1912 Cadillac 5-Pass., \$500

1912 Abbott Runabout, \$250

1911 Metz Runabout, \$175

1910 Buick, 5-Pass., \$175

1912 Marion T. C., \$275

Warren Detroit Touring, \$175

1915 Jeffery

RECOVER YOUR TOP, \$9.50

VOLCANIZING

USED TIRES

GENE FURNISHES TIRE CO.,

1101 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

1915 OVERLAND

OVERLAND TOURING CAR

FOR PARTS SEE ME

6-CYL. PULLMAN

1916 OVERLAND

OVERLAND TOURING CAR

HIGHEST PRICES PAID

ROYAL TOURIST \$300

1915 OVERLAND

OVERLAND TOURING CAR

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ROYAL TOURIST \$300

ANNOUNCE N. E.

PATENT AWARD

Allen & Daggett Compile Names
of New England Inventors
Who Receive Patents.

1911 Cadillac, 7-Pass., \$875

1913 Studebaker 35 Tour., \$125

1913 Cadillac Touring, \$575

1913 American Roadster, \$150

1913 Chevrolet Runabout, \$125

1913 Hudson 6-51 Tour., \$650

1915 Vellie, 5-Pass., \$650

1914 Hudson Touring, \$750

1911 Ford, 5-Pass., \$285

1912 Chalmers "Close Couple", \$285

1912 Hudson Touring, \$300

1912 Cadillac 5-Pass., \$500

1912 Abbott Runabout, \$250

1911 Metz Runabout, \$175

1910 Buick, 5-Pass., \$175

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INTIMATE PEEPS AT OUR AMERICAN BEAUTIES

Posed Especially by *Miss Olive Thomas*



Photographs by
Professor
Clarence White
of Columbia
College
and Saroni



"Furs"

"No Furs"



"More Furs"

NEW DISCOVERIES ALL OVER THE EARTH

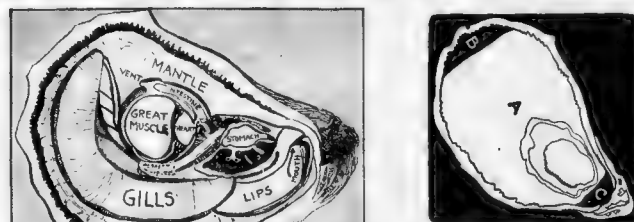
Important New Facts About OYSTERS

"OYSTERS R in Season" once more, according to the popular opinion which holds the delicate vivante "good" during any month which contains an "r," and had during the months, May, June, July and August. This is a fallacy which needs clearing up, and Dr. Joseph A. Shears, sanitary expert in the New York Department of Health, has set down the facts effectively in a recent lecture.

Although you may know a great deal about the looks and taste of oysters, the chances are that you know little or nothing about their habits. After all, the oyster is a very human animal. He sleeps much of the time, overcasts when not sleeping, is notoriously lazy by nature, hides himself when afraid, is very fond of companionship, lives in great colonies or cities containing more inhabitants than London or New York, and is subject to accident, disease and death. He has a heart which pulsates, and a digestive apparatus which, for its size, outdoes anything the ostrich can boast of, although it is a trifle slow in action.

The skeleton of oysters, unlike that of fish, is on the outside instead of the inside of the body. This shell consists of three layers: an external, brownish, horn-like layer, a middle layer, composed of minute prisms of calcium carbonate, and an inner layer, the "nacre." The thickness of shell is dependent upon the amount of lime salts present in the water.

LESS DANGER in Them AFTER NOVEMBER 1ST, but Even Then You Should NEVER DRINK



The Anatomy of an Oyster.
"The oyster has a heart, stomach and housecleaning system, but curiously enough no kidneys. Its digestive apparatus, although a trifle slow in action outdoes for its size anything of which the ostrich can boast."

A strong muscle pulls the upper shell or lid shut and a wedge-shaped mass of muscle in the hinge joint causes the oyster to mistake this muscle for the heart, but the heart lies at a higher level and may go on pulsating for hours after this muscle is severed.

In early life the oyster is mobile. It goes about on errands, with even less power than a small automobile. Then the oyster settles down for life. It topples over on its left side, attaches itself to the ground by its left shell and continues to thrive and prosper until the hook of the oysterman gets in its full work.

The oyster has a breathing apparatus—heart and stomach already mentioned. But, as they grow less profound and of lessening house system. Curiously enough, however, it has no kidneys. Oyster food consists of microscopic organisms, both animal and vegetable

which are filtered out each day from about ten gallons of water. Eighteen hours are consumed in digesting a meal there are no pre-digested foods or digestive tablets in oysterdom—and a careful selection is made from the menu card, some organisms being received freely, others being quickly and unceremoniously rejected.

Among the things oysters select as palatable are typhoid bacilli, color bacilli, and the bacillus of dysentery. That is why oysters are sometimes dangerous when taken into the human stomach.

Some people after eating certain kinds of food have a rash break out on the skin, or have changes in skin color such as yellow and yellow (typhoid) like skin, and not infrequently become green. In Europe green oysters are regarded with great favor, and some pains are taken to impart to them this hue. But in America it is difficult to sell such oysters, as many people think they are poisonous, which they most certainly are not.

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The Oyster's Food Value.
A.—Water, 84 to 90 Per Cent.
B.—Protein, 4 to 9 Per Cent.
C.—Fat, 1 to 3 Per Cent.

Oysters are very prolific, and each egg-laying individual will produce more than 1,000,000 eggs in a season. These eggs are ejected into the water to wait for chance fertilization, and in the nature of things multitudes sink to the bottom and die. If this were not true, and if all eggs were to become full-grown oysters, the sea would in a few years be displaced. Just as it is now being crowded in certain quarters of the close city.

It is said that an unusually large American oyster will yield nearly one cubic inch of eggs or about 50,000,000 in number.

After hatching, the tiny oyster larvae (velum and otolith) are practically motionless, on the surface of the shell, and during this period the shell begins to form from secretions within the body. It about two weeks the weight of the shell sinks the growing oyster to the bottom of the beds, where it attaches its left shell to any satisfactory object.

In preparing oysters for market the professional grower resorts to a process called "fattening" or "fattening," or "giving the oysters a drink." Floats or rafts are constructed and submerged in water, either fresh or salt water, and the oyster is left in the water for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, during which time they open their mouths and drink in the water as in the original feeding and growing process. Thus the mud and sand present when taken from the beds are flushed out, the flesh swells, increasing the volume by one fifth, and becomes whiter and firmer.

"Fattening," therefore, is simply a method of inducing the oyster to swell up with water—a process which is looked upon by the pure food and drug experts as an adulteration and deception. But the true objection is the danger to public health from the planting of oysters in fattening basins polluted by sewage contamination.

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Of all diseases borne by water typhoid fever is the most common. Fortunately the typhoid bacillus lives but a short time relatively few days or less—in the unfavorable sea water element. In a direct sewage outlet, however, this would be quite sufficient to infect great numbers of oysters during the freshening process. Just previous to sale and consumption.

But in investigating the origin of typhoid from infected oysters, few outbreaks have been directly traced to this source. Where this has occurred it has been during unusually warm days, often in September and October when the water temperature has shown 60 degrees Fahrenheit or more.

Now, it is an interesting fact that in colder weather the oyster goes into a condition of inactivity or hibernation. That is, when the temperature of water in the beds is below 45 degrees, oysters become torpid, close their shells and live on a scant amount of food they have previously taken in. Therefore, all harmful germs are digested in a fairly short period of time, and the oyster is fit for consumption. This hibernating period begins not later than the middle of November, and continues until late April. During the hibernating period, roughly during May, June, July and August (months when the typhoid bacillus is most numerous and clumps of bacteria which are not present during the hibernating season).

We must remember that in some years September and October are particularly warm months, too, in which heat may be great, and the oyster beds for this reason may be in the feeding or active period. But even during the hibernating

How Some WORK RUINS EYES

MANY eyes are injured or lost from diseases contracted in certain occupations. In some trades absorption of poisons produces serious eye diseases. Among those poisons are tobacco, alcohol, lead, kerosene, carbon bisulfide, aniline dyes, etc.

One of the things most dangerous to the eyes is alcohol, not the high-grade grain alcohol, but the cheap wood or methyl alcohol, sometimes masquerading under the name "Columbia spirit," "Colonial spirit" or "Manhattan spirit." This poison is sometimes drunk by ignorant persons, and not infrequently causes death and blindness. Even ten drops have produced such results in susceptible persons.

Turkish bath attendants and masqueraders use wood alcohol with bad results, both to the rubber and the rubber. The inhaling of wood alcohol in such trades as painting and hat making not infrequently produces blindness or fatal results.

Wood alcohol should not be used under any name should not be manufactured or sold, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association. It is too dangerous. What is called denatured alcohol is just as cheap and equally as harmful.

Another vocational eye disturbance is found where eyes are unduly exposed to very bright lights, such as blow-outs or short circuits, where the light is sudden and intense. Such accidents may, by the overpowering influence in the retina, produce poor sight or blindness, partial or complete, for a variable length of time. Constant and intense electric light produces retinal exhaustion and an excessive pupillary contraction, which secondarily overworks the

muscles of accommodation and occasions great ocular fatigue.

People who work continually on polished surfaces, such as glass, metal polishers, and glass workers, experience the same troubles. Factories that are over brilliantly illuminated by incandescent, gas and electric lights are apt to injure the eyes, as these lights contain much of violet and ultraviolet rays, which produce an effect on the eye similar to snow blindness. These rays may also seriously affect the eye.

Stokers, bottle makers and glass-blowers whose eyes are continually exposed to intense heat and light, are very apt to have cataracts, and the eye surgeon finds it always the one first affected.

Another kind of occupational eye disease can be found in people who are compelled to work for hours at a stretch on work that requires close inspection of small things. Bookkeeping, drawing, watchmaking, sewing and dentistry, all close work, require a strain of the muscles of accommodation, even if people have normal eyes.

Shortsightedness is a disease aggravated by the close use of the eyes and is found in students, typewriters, etchers and engravers. In fact, in any vocation where close and continuous work is required.

The proper adjustment of glasses is essential in such cases, as well as health upbuilding, exercise, proper lighting and the judicious use of the eyes. For it must be remembered that shortsightedness is a progressive disease and sometimes causes blindness. Shortsighted people should endeavor to secure some occupation, which does not make the close and continuous use of the eyes.

Colonel Woodruff enlarged upon his theory by showing that the people of northern Europe, from whom our nation largely descends, have a whiter skin than the Latin races, adapting them to a cooler climate where the sun's rays fall at an angle, whereas the darker-skinned Latin or southern European have a darker pigmented skin and the Africans an almost pure-black skin to protect them from the more direct rays.

It is a most logical sequence, he says, that the transfer of northern peoples to tropical suns should set up disorders due to lack of natural protection. The nerve strain is followed by physical weakness due to nerve exhaustion, and we have as the result of the great American disease of haste and waste known as "neuritis," the most common rest of mind and body seem impossible and insupportable to Americans in any manner.

According to this theory, the far-reaching result of this will be that the older races of northern Europe will gradually die out, leaving the Latin races, adapted to a tropical latitude and whose lives are more like those of the plant life, to be the surviving inhabitants of the United States.

How DREAMS Are CENSORED

NATURAL LAW says, but in the case of a dream, the censor has no right to interfere. An analysis of over a thousand dreams, dreamed by nearly three hundred dreamers, has been made by Dr. Rognatielli of Turin. In almost every instance the professor has been able to tell the character of the dreamer by the nature of the dream.

This is done, not by the things that the dream portrays, but by those things which ought to belong in the dream, and which are not there.

Dreams, according to Dr. Rognatielli's interpretation, are the results of unconscious thinking, carried on by the lower half of the brain, of which only those parts which are satisfactory to the upper half of the brain are allowed to come into consciousness. No matter how fantastic, how irrational, or how irregular they may be, nothing is done in a dream which is not a matter of common sense.

Dr. Rognatielli's theory, dreams are not rational as they seem when we awake. In every case where it has been possible to record a complete dream, it has been found logical and persuasive. But the Censor of dreams has also been the cause of it. The links are lost, and only vague and fragmentary remembrances are allowed to cross the threshold into waking memory.

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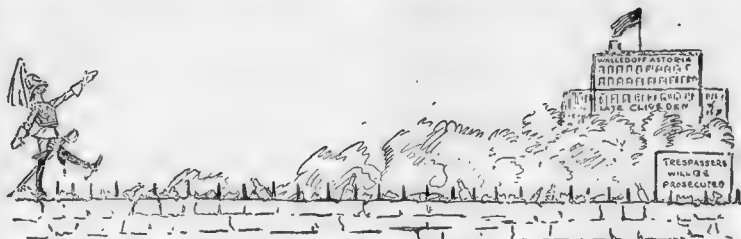
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Some people after eating certain kinds of food have a rash break out on the skin, or have changes in skin color such as yellow and yellow (typhoid) like skin, and not infrequently become green. In Europe green oysters are regarded with great favor, and some pains are taken to impart to them this hue. But in America it is difficult to sell such oysters, as many people think they are poisonous, which they most certainly are not.

In the profound sleep, when some oysters have been seen, often the thought of a dream, they reveal aspects of themselves of a most surprising character. But, as they grow less profound and of lessening house system. Curiously enough, however, it has no kidneys. Oyster food consists of microscopic organisms, both animal and vegetable

American Heiresses Heavily Taxed to Carry On The War



A British Cartoon on William Waldorf Astor's Exclusiveness in Keeping the Public Off His Ducal Estate, Cliveden, One of Many Gibes That Galled Him. From London Winning Post.

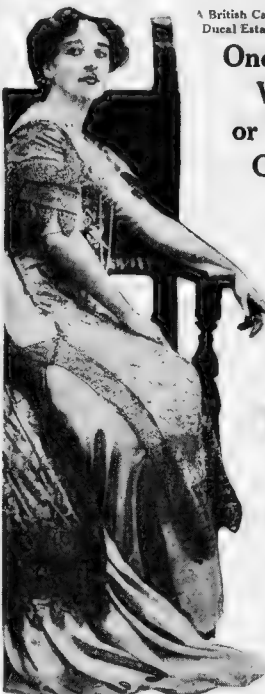
One Third of the Income of Americans Who Have Married English Titles or Live Abroad Seized by the British Government to Help Maintain the Allied Armies in the Field.



Hever Castle, One of the Lordly English Houses Purchased by William Waldorf Astor.



Mrs. William B. Leeds, the Wealthy American Widow Who Because She Spends Most of Her Time in England Will Have to Pay \$300,000 in Income Tax.



Lady Beatty Who Has to Give One-Third of Her Income in Taxes While Her Husband Admiral Beatty Is Fighting the Battles of England.

TRY as you will, you can never be sure of escaping the serious duties, the burdens and even the miseries of life.

We know that a great number of very rich Americans have expatriated themselves permanently and gone abroad to enjoy the details and luxuries of aristocratic society.

Many of them found that America was too crude and too rude for them. They wanted to live in ancient castles and manor houses and have obsequious, highly trained servants to wait on them. They wanted many things they thought they could find in Europe and not in America.

Consequently or unconsciously, they disregarded and in some cases despised their duties and obligations to the country that had given them their wealth.

The pursuit of pleasure was, in general, their highest aim. They threw themselves into it with their whole souls and their whole incomes. The Americans in European fashionable society have long been noted as forming the gayest, most brilliant and extravagant element. And now what a disaster has fallen on this swarm of expatriated! War taxation in England at least, has deprived them of one-third of their incomes and in many cases a cruel death has taken the husbands, children or relatives they have acquired by marriage.

Instead of enjoying the pleasures and gayeties of a luxurious society they are living amid scenes of mourning and gloom. Their homes have, in many cases, been turned into hospitals. The young men of their acquaintance have perished on the battle front by scores, for the war has fallen most severely on the class which these American expatriates have joined.

Had they stayed at home in America they would have found their incomes lightly taxed. They would have had family and friends not decimated by slaughter. They would, perhaps, have learned to appreciate the advantages of living in a country which, though simple mannered and plain-spoken, is democratic, progressive, moral, peaceful and every day more determining never to be drawn into an inferno of bloodshed like

that which is devastating Europe.

The taxation which the war has compelled England to institute is a phenomenon which has not yet received much attention, but which must give serious concern to rich Americans living in England. The new war budget was introduced in the House of Commons by the Chancellor the Exchequer, Ronald McKenna, a few weeks ago. Its principal feature was an enormous increase in the income tax. The tax is graduated, increasing with the size of the income, a principle already established.

Under the new budget it is increased to such a point that incomes above \$100,000 a year will pay 34 1/2 per cent, or more than one-third of the total amount.

Mr. McKenna stated that great as was this increase in taxation, Englishmen must not suppose it was the last increase that would be required before the war was over.

Americans and all foreigners living in England are subject to the income tax if they maintain a permanent residence there, whether they are British subjects or not.

It has been roughly estimated that these Americans will contribute about one billion dollars to the British war chest under the new income tax.

A few of the principal American payers of British income tax, with the amounts they will pay, approximately, are as follows:

William Waldorf Astor, \$1,250,000.
The Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, of New York, \$100,000.

The Duchess of Roxburgh, daughter of the late Ogden Phipps, \$200,000.
The Duchess of Manchester, daughter of the late Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, \$100,000.

Mrs. William B. Leeds, \$200,000.
Lady Beatty, wife of Admiral Beatty, \$200,000.

The Countess of Granard, daughter of Ogden Mills, of New York, \$100,000.
Viscountess Madras, daughter of Anthony Drexel, \$100,000.

The Ladies Curzon, grand-daughters of Lord Z. Curzon, \$200,000.
The Countess of Craven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, \$200,000.

Viscountess Deerhurst, daughter of John W. Bonar, \$50,000.
Countess of Suffolk, daughter of Lord Z. Curzon, \$100,000.

Lady Naylor Leyland, formerly Miss Jennie Chamberlain, \$50,000.
Countess of Annet, formerly Miss Roline Brees, \$75,000.

ried Englishmen of title. They do not all come in the class of those who must pay the maximum tax of one-third of their incomes, but all of them must pay very heavily. Practically none will pay less than fifteen per cent, the rate that falls on those who have over \$10,000 a year.

American wives of Englishmen are, of course, not the only Americans who pay the tax, for a great many American millionaires have transported themselves to England and become naturalized there.

The most conspicuous case of an American expatriate is, of course, William Waldorf Astor. Many Americans feel particularly aggrieved by his case, because he is the largest landowner in New York and derives a constantly increasing income, without exertion, from the industry and growth of the city.

It would seem that he is under a peculiar obligation to spend his income and money in New York. But twenty odd years ago he came to it to be known that he was a gentleman to live in, and moved to London.

He purchased the Marquis of Lansdowne's house in London, the Duke of Westminster's house, "Cliveden," on the Thames, and several other lordly habitations.

Strange to say, he was not popular in England. He was a constant subject of cartoons and the victim of paragraphs in the English press which, though more sedately expressed than they might have been in America, nevertheless stung him cruelly. His strenuous efforts to gain a title were fruitless, although some very pious English millionaires obtained them easily.

Mr. Astor was infuriated when he first found that he had to pay the heavy English income tax in peace time. Now that the war tax has fallen on him he must be in a pitiful state of mind. A despatch from London has estimated the tax he will pay under the new law at \$1,250,000 a year.

This seems a low estimate when we remember that the value of his New York property has been calculated at \$20,000,000. This ought to yield an income of \$8,000,000, and a tax of one-third would, of course, be about \$2,600,000. It is possible that the British Government in view of the fact that all Mr. Astor's money comes from New York, agrees to a lower return than the real one.

It would be idle to criticize Mr. Astor's children for deserting New York, for they were mere children when he took them away. They have a very British subject. The oldest, Waldorf Astor, is a Tory member of Parliament and married the charming, noble Lady Langhorne, one of the brilliant Langhorne sisters of Virginia. The second son, John Jacob Astor, is an officer in the King's Life Guards and has once been sent home from the front, wounded.

One of the many oddities of Mr. Astor's case is that his ancestor who founded the Astor fortune in America was a German immigrant.

The position of some of the Americans in England will doubtless excite general sympathy in this country. Lady Beatty, beautiful but blind Chicago girl, is married to Admiral Sir David Beatty, the most distinguished officer in the British navy in the war. He has twice defeated the German fleet on the only two occasions when it ventured in force into the North Sea.

Lady Beatty has always spent her money most liberally in providing comforts and entertainments for the sailors in Admiral Beatty's command. Now, while her husband is risking his life and winning battles for his country, she is compelled to hand over to the British Government one-third of her income.

The Countess of Granard, who was Miss Beatrice Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and granddaughter of the late multi-millionaire, D. O. Mills, is one of the conspicuous contributors to the British war chest. Her husband has gone to the front with a regiment and has, perhaps, been in action before now.

Her cousin, the Hon. Mrs. John Hubert Ward, was also a granddaughter and heiress of D. O. Mills. Mrs. Ward's husband is also at the front.

The Duchess of Marlborough is in the peculiar position of paying a large tax because she married an Englishman, from whom she is estranged. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that the Duchess is satisfied to be a member of English society, although she can hardly enjoy the income tax.

Lady Naylor Leyland, who was the beautiful Jennie Chamberlain, of Cincinnati, enjoyed for many years the esteem and personal friendship of the late King Edward. She has had the sorrow of losing in the war her son, Sir Albert Edward Naylor-Leyland, named after the King. But she must continue to pay her income tax to the war monster.

No one has enjoyed the delights of European social life more thoroughly than the beautiful Mrs. William B. Leeds, who inherited an enormous fortune from her late husband, accumulated in Rock Island ventures and the "Tin Plate Trust." Mrs. Leeds has been sought in marriage by the most attractive and eligible princes and noblemen in Europe.

Apparently she enjoyed the society of all of them, but she has obstinately preferred freedom and admiration to the possession of a title. She has been aptly

Photo by APN Dupont, NY

called "The Merry Widow." She has "unlions and modesty" as one English admirer summed up her character. Now the terrible war, with its crushing tax, has come to jar the serenity of her socially ideal existence.

An odd note in this situation is furnished by Mr. Henry James, the American novelist. He had for years been a resident of England, but during the war he became a citizen, because he wished to give it his full support. As Mr. James is only a novelist it is not likely that his earnings are in excess of the \$100,000 a year income on which the full tax is assessed, but he will bravely and cheerfully contribute his fifteen per cent or whatever it may be.

A smart critic has seized the opportunity to say that as Mr. James has become an English citizen he may be going to learn English.

The American Duchess of Marlborough, who Will Have to Pay One-Third of Her Great Income Because She is Married to an Englishman from Whom She is Estranged.

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The Statues by Women to Help Votes for Women

On Exhibit and Sale to Benefit the Suffrage Campaign Fund They Also Mark the Creative Awakening Among Women Artists Through Their Labors in the Cause of Women

"The Keeper of Dreams" by Alice Morgan Wright—A Convention Full of Meaning for All Women.

"The Slave," by Olga Popoff-Mueller, a Paris Salon Exhibit in 1909. Where This Sculptor's Name Is as Well Known as in the American Academies.

At least one class of those women who are ardent workers for the cause of suffrage for their sex is already reaping material rewards for the time and energy thus expended. Creative genius in women sculptors, painters and writers is revealing itself more vividly than ever before. Evidence is multiplying which seem to promise that by the time universal woman's suffrage becomes an accomplished fact those philosophers of the opposite sex who deny to women any share in artistic creative ability will be compelled to "eat their own unsalutary words."

More than a hint of this probability is presented in connection with the photographic reproductions of sculptures by women printed on this page. These were a few of the works of more than thirty women sculptors which were recently on exhibition in a New York gallery. And all of those works were unconditionally contributed for sale to benefit the Suffrage Campaign Fund.

In this way all of these fair laborers in the field of creative art made mute acknowledgment of their debt to the awakening influence of their part in the great movement that is to free the minds and hands of all womankind. Working for suffrage, spending their time and thought upon that cause, fastened on them their artistic forces produced the opposite effect; conceptions and powers of exception which had lain dormant were liberated and manifested themselves through the potency of the spirit of unselfish giving.

The works of women painters and sculptors exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco won the plaudits of connoisseurs from every European capital. Nearly all of these exhibitors—including those whose contributions were part

of the general architectural display at the Fair—were active workers for suffrage. Many of them were co-workers on equal terms of ability and reputation with celebrated artists of the opposite sex. It was a mute expression of the whole ideal embodied in the women's movement—equality in labor and in labor's reward.

Out of that triumph grew the plan for these women sculptors and painters to contribute not merely themselves but the results of their awakened genius to the suffrage cause. The approaching campaign was an opportunity and a crisis. William Macbeth, of New York City, donated the use of his galleries from September 27 to October 16, and nearly a hundred women artists filled them with the choicest of their creations.

The reproductions printed here give a faint idea of the variety and breadth of that exhibit. Notice that the women's names in the catalogue to convey to the mind of the visitor that all these were the works of women—to whom philosophers in trousers had, all down the ages, denied the artistic creative gift.

They show masterly executions of swift impressions, as in the "Russian Dancers" piece, the crudeness, virility, coupled with hopeless helplessness, in "The Slave"; and two direct appeals to the fundamental impulse of womanhood, in one case exultantly feminine after a noble fashion, and in the other finely masculine, in the struggle between the spirit which is woman and the flesh which is man. One realizes that "The Keeper of Dreams" is a composite figure of the whole world of women, who is acquiring the power to make the worthy dreams of women come true.

"The Flesh and the Soul," in which Alice Morgan Wright Portrays the Superior Force in Humanity Represented by the Spirituality of Women.

Prominent in the roster of the women artists who gave these results of their awakened artistic impulses to benefit the cause which has awakened them are these sculptors: Edith Woodman Burroughs, Gail Sherman, Corbett, Abessina St. Leger Kherie, Grace Mott Johnson, Anna Coleman Ladd, Olga Popoff-Mueller, Edith Barziza Parsons, Annette St. Gaudens, Laura Gardin Janel Scudler, Alice Morgan Wright, Edith Vandell.

Charlotte Cushman, E. Varian Cockcroft, Adelaide Deming, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Mary E. Foote, Anne Goldthwaite, M. Jean McLane Johnson, Clara T. McChesney, Rhoda Holmes Nichols, Jane Peterson, Agnes Pelton, May Wilson Preston, Ida Propper, Anne Estelle Rice, Florence Frances Snell, Juliet Thompson, Helen M. Turner, Marsha Walter. The mastery of these artists, besides giving their work to be sold, offered to execute portraits or commissions on a 50 per cent basis for the suffrage campaign fund.

There was nothing provincial about this exhibition. Miss Edith Edmond sent sculpture from California, Ann Estelle Rice committed to the pen of searwater pictures from London, and Anna Coleman Ladd is

a Boston contributor. Most of the women contributors are artists who have served their apprenticeship in Paris ateliers. But they are unanimously grouped in their enthusiasm for woman suffrage in New York State in 1915.

The awakening influence upon women in artistic pursuit of their labors for suffrage is by no means confined to those engaged in sculpture and painting. The profusion of literature and the stage owe to their suffragist numbers many of their brightest ornaments. Hardly a real celebrity in either field who is not for suffrage heart and soul and voice.

Probably this fact is most notable in this country and in England. But even in France, where the woman's suffrage movement is overshadowed by the new doctrine of "feminism"—which is a fact of the intellect—the awakening among women who put their powers against those of men in art and in learning is making itself plainly apparent.

A strong movement exists there for the establishment of a French Academy for women, the ancient body of men known as the Forty Immortals denying the participation of the gentler sex in any such immortality.



"Russian Dancers"—An Impression by Alice Morgan Wright.



So Many Crabs in Cans, Few Left in the Ocean

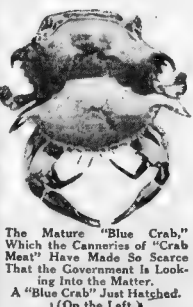
By RENE BACHE.

EVERYBODY knows what has happened to the terrapin and the canvasback duck, formerly plentiful, but which now are luxuriant exclusively for the rich. But nobody could have imagined that the "blue" crab (native to the same region, so famous for the producing of economic delicacies), would ever be threatened with extermination.

Nevertheless, the thing has come to pass, and at the present time the Government Fisheries Bureau is seriously contemplating the establishment of breeding stations for the purpose of propagating by artificial means this valuable crustacean.

During the last few years its numbers have undergone a steady and alarming diminution, and this season's catch has been so short that the supply has not only met the demand, the price of "hardbacks" going up to \$2 a barrel. Not long ago 50 cents a barrel was considered a fair return by the wholesaler.

The matter is now more serious than merely be harassed at first stages. Here



The Mature "Blue Crab," Which the Canneries of "Crab Meat" Have Made So Scarce That the Government Is Looking Into the Matter. A "Blue Crab" Just Hatched. (On the Left.)

is a very important food animal which within recent years has attained widespread popularity all over the country—so much so, indeed, that it may be said altogether to surpass in importance the lobster, for which it has been substituted to a great extent as a material for salads and champagne preparations. Formerly it was known only along the Atlantic seaboard, but now it is found in the principal cities, from Boston to San Francisco. Millions of people who never saw a live "blue" crab are today familiar with it as an article of diet.

Here, indeed, is the real cause of the trouble. For the extension of the market for crabs has built up an enormous canning industry, and the extent of the consequent destruction of the animals may be estimated in a measure from the fact that a single one of the "factories" (as they are called) smokes in putting them up in this Atlantic in this way several billions of millions per annum.

This species of crab is found all along the Atlantic coast of the United States from Maine to Florida. It does not live

in the sea, however, being a brackish-water animal, restricted to estuaries and the tidal waters of rivers. Only in the Chesapeake and that neighborhood does it occur in such numbers as to afford a profitable commercial fishery.

Anybody who is familiar with the lower Potomac is likely to have gained the impression that the bottom of that river near its mouth is almost literally paved with crabs. It is the same way with the great estuary itself, and with the mouths of other streams that empty into it. But strange though it may appear, over most of this wide region of waters the crabs do not breed. Whether it is that the water is not of the right density or that some other cause is accountable, nobody can say; but the fact is that female crabs carrying eggs are rarely found except in the lower part of Chesapeake Bay.

Unfortunately, it is along the shores of the lower bay that all of the great "factories" are situated, and it is from that highly productive aqueous area that they obtain their supplies. Even at the present time there are in the lower bay enormous numbers of crabs, but their multitudes are being drawn upon at the rate of billions annually. Experts in such matters say that no existing stock of animal could possibly hold out indefinitely

against such drafts—the breeding stock being directly attacked.

To attack an animal on its breeding grounds, with ruthless destruction of the female while the latter are exercising the function of reproduction, is, the naturalists declare, an absolutely sure way to wipe out the species, no matter how numerous it may be, in a moderate length of time. This is exactly what is happening to the crabs of the Chesapeake, as proved by the steady and progressive reduction of the catch as season follows season.

Two remedies have been proposed, and it is likely that both will have to be adopted if the crabs are to continue to afford a great commercial fishery. One is to establish and enforce a "closed season," during which there would be absolute prohibition of such fishing, while the females were carrying and hatching their eggs. This, of course, need only apply to the lower Chesapeake, within certain definite, governable limits, so as to cover the main breeding grounds. The upper bay and certain other areas would be available for fishing throughout the year.

The other remedy lies in artificial hatching—a project which the Government Fisheries Bureau now has under consideration.

The Strange Case of Loretta Henderson "No. 1" and "No. 2"

Two Girls in One---and How the Morbid "Personality" Tried by Cruel, Anonymous Letters to Take Away from the Good, Normal

"Personality" Friends, Family and Even Sweetheart

THE small city of Bloomfield, N. J., is agitated to its centre by an actual occurrence as remarkable as "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or the more recent "Case of Becky." Neither Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote the one, nor Edward Lockie, the author of the other, conceived a case of double personality more extraordinary than that of Loretta Henderson.

Miss Henderson, a young girl of the best parentage and education, who had always been of exemplary conduct and character, became the victim of an abnormal state of mind as the result of a fright. Her mind split up into two personalities. The secondary, or subconscious, personality, as it is called in psychology, secretly and viciously attacked the original or normal personality in a series of anonymous letters that displayed great treachery, cunning and malevolence. Apparently the normal personality was unconscious of what the secondary personality was doing.

An official search was instituted for the writer of the letters and the investigators were for a long time baffled, because no one supposed that the author of the attacks could be the same person as the victim.

There have been many cases of dual and multiple personality collected by the psychologists, perhaps as remarkable as "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but in none of them does it appear that the secondary personality deliberately attacked the normal personality.

The Bloomfield girl of eighteen has compelled the United States Government to believe in dual personality. Heretofore governments have maintained a conservative attitude toward such matters. The United States has withdrawn its case against her of using the mails for improper purposes because it has become convinced of the truth of dual personality as shown by her strange story. The evidence satisfied the collected postal inspectors who agreed that there are two Loretta Hendersons.

Loretta Henderson has lived all of her eighteen years in Bloomfield. She is fair haired, round faced, innocent eyed. She was employed until recently in the Edison Laboratory. The fire which destroyed the laboratory occurred while she was in the building, and her fright was so great that it aggravated her temperamental nervousness.

In the matter of heredity the physicians and psychologists who are studying her strange case say she had an absolutely good history. She is the daughter of a father and mother who are in indirect circumstances, but have never known need. Her father, employed in the Bloomfield pin factory, is an honest mechanic. Her parents are of the stuff of which the solid citizenship of this country is composed.

She was carefully reared. From her simple home across the street from the schoolhouse, she had attended a plain two-story house, No. 63 Prospect street, she went every Sunday to the Methodist Church at Watassessing. She was one of the soprano in its choir and played the piano for the midweek prayer meeting. She was a teacher in the Sunday school. She was thoroughly good and amiable. Her pastor alluded to her as a "girl of beautiful character." The community, or that part which knew her as Loretta Henderson, concurred. And they were right.

Eight months ago a fine young man six years her senior, a member of the same church, asked her to be his wife and she consented. Raymond Elton was a bank clerk and a young man respected as was his fiancée among their friends. He lived with his parents at No. 64 Watassessing avenue, near the home of his betrothed.

It shocked the Methodist Church to which they belonged, when in February, three days after the wedding, the letters came to the pastor and to deacons and trustees of the church attacking the character of the girl and warning them to prevent her marriage.

To Miss Henderson herself came similar letters. All were in the name of "Becky," a person apparently unconscious of writing. The letters were vicious attacks upon her own character. All sought with cruel malevolence to prevent the marriage of Miss Henderson and Mr. Elton.

The girl seemed deeply concerned about these attacks. She talked to her fiancé, to her parents, to the church authorities, about the letters. She had no theory to offer for them as the sender "Some one hates me," was all she could

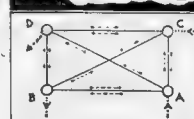


Diagram Showing the Brain Centers That Are Disturbed in Cases of Dual Personality. The Upper Diagram Shows the Centres of Memory, A, B, C, D, and E, and the Areas Chiefly Involved in Our Normal Consciousness. The Lower Diagram Shows the Normal course of Nerve Impulses to and from These Centres. When This Normal Inter-Relation Is Broken, Currents from the Subconsciousness Come into Play and Produce Dual Personality.

say, but she could name no one who had a reason for ill will toward her. "Becky" was made very unhappy by the persistent attacks upon her and, frustrated, every evening when he returned from his work in New York, and she had come home after her work in the laboratory, the past could not be comforted about their joint enemy. Scores of theories were proposed only to be rejected as impracticable.

"Who could hate Loretta Henderson?" respectable Bloomfield residents for the hundredth time. "The letters are written by a fiend or a madman."

The persecutor went on with the cruel task. While young Loretta sat with his sweetheart in the little parlor a ring would announce the postman. The girl would open the door and return with a blushing face. In her trembling hand was one of the letters. They read the latest of the scurrilous messages together. The letters were rambling and disconnected. They were badly spelled, but invariably they were true and honest.

"This marriage must be prevented," Loretta Henderson is a bad girl and not fit to marry Ray Elton," they said. "The case is a monstrous evil," said the father, who was a young man. "You can't be the girl victim of the letters the com-

These Two Photographs Show Frances Starr in the "Case of 'Becky'." Which the Case of Loretta Henderson Resembles So Strangely. The Standing Figure Shows "Becky" Under the Control of the Morbid Personality, the Sitting Figure "Becky," the Normal "Personality."

monplace advice: "Pay no attention to them." Those excellent men were subsequently shocked by the receipt of several in the name of Loretta Henderson that they were "dashed" fools because they had not done what the writer had bidden them, that is, refused to permit the impending marriage.

The family, the church authorities and the girl herself decided that it was his time to report the case of the poisoned letters to the postal authorities. To inspect the letters, more than a hundred of them, were given. He sifted them with that of the girl's friends and unhesitatingly with her own.

"One morning he came to the house looking grave and resolute. In his hands were the 'poisoned letters,' and several letters written by Loretta to her fiancé."

"There are the same here," Loretta Elton said. "You wrote these letters yourself," said the inspector.

Loretta Henderson paled, staggered, nearly fainted, burst into sobs. At first she denied vehemently that she had written the letters, but when she was pressed and confronted with convincing evidence she hesitated.

"There have been times in the last year," she admitted tearfully, "when I did not know what I was doing. I may have written the letters then, but I had no idea what was in them after the spells had been over."

Owing to her fear of arrest the girl was so violent that her family became afraid

believe they are the cause of the girl's mental condition. The history of the case revealed that Miss Henderson had been present at the burning of the Edison Laboratory in December last. The fright affected her health profoundly. Her engagement occurred in the following February. Coincident with her betrothal and with her falling health was the epidemic of "poisoned letters." Dr. Arbuthnot Hale, the great English specialist in auto-intoxication, has reported many such cases in which insanity resulted from the slow self-poisoning. In the Johns Hopkins University a study is being made of fifty such cases. "Sir Arbuthnot Hale reports a case of a woman who, from being the virilest person in the neighborhood, was transformed by an operation, that cured

"It was as though another girl, maliciously bent upon destroying her happiness, took charge of her brain and hand and wrote those cruel letters, while the normal Loretta could only look helplessly and miserably on. Yet this other girl was herself too!"

auto-intoxication, into the good angel of the neighborhood. Her husband, the doctor quickly explained, was sent to prison because he attempted the surgical operation himself. The surgical operation he knew how to perform, as with a pistol. He said her, it is recovered and the doctor dealt with her case more successfully. Whether auto-intoxication is often the cause of that strange psychological state known as dual or multiple personality, Dr. Hughes is inviting specialists to determine. The Government, being convinced that the girl is mentally irresponsible for the act, has withdrawn its charges. Loretta Henderson is being studied at a sanatorium. She may become a famous figure in medical literature as "The Girl Who Hated Herself."

How Science Explains Multiple Personality

By Prof. W. K. Vandergriфт

The Distinguished American Psychologist

THE case of Loretta Henderson is a very unusual instance of complex personality. The researches of abnormal psychology have demonstrated that ill health or physical injury may damage the brain in such a manner that the normal consciousness, which has been developed by life and education, becomes dissociated from the subconsciousness. The latter then develops a more or less complete, separate personality, which is generally ignorant of ideas controlled by the conscious personality or acts directed by it. I know of no instance, however, in which the secondary personality was inspired by enmity against the normal personality, as in the case of Miss Henderson.

Dr. Morton F. Prince, the leading Boston investigator of this subject, describing the remarkable case of a Miss Beachamp, says:

"She was able to change her personality from time to time, often from hour to hour, and with each change her character became transformed and her memory altered. In addition to her real, original or normal self, the a-f-th personality was born and which she was intensely aware of, but by nature to be any of three different persons. "Although making use of the same body, each, nevertheless, had a distinct personality, and each displayed a manifested by different trains of thought, different views, beliefs, ideals and temperament, and by different acquisitions, tastes, habits, experiences and moods."

Each of these personalities varied in these respects from the other two and from the original Miss Beachamp. Two of them had no knowledge of each other or of the third, excepting such information as might be obtained by inference or secondhand, so that in the memory of each of these two there were blanks which corresponded to the times when the others were in the flesh.

"If a sudden one or the other would wake up to find herself, she knew not where, and ignorant of what she had said or done. At a moment before, only one of the three had knowledge of the history of the others, and this one personality was a more character, so far as the others were concerned, in individuality, that the transition arose from one of the other personalities to herself was most dramatic and strange."

Don't Shut Your Eyes Too Tight When Washing

It is a common fault to screw one's eyes up as tightly as possible when washing, under the impression that the more one shuts the eyes, the more one cleans them. Let a person shut his eyes. Many of us remember especially when children are concerned—how much a strong soap suds when the suds start under the eyelids.

We should never get soap in our eyes if we closed them naturally, as we sleep. The eyelid is an absolute protection. Certainly no soap-suds can penetrate the membrane, and equally certainly the way in which the eyelashes cover the actual joint make it impervious. The eye, when closed in sleep, is a perfect, a much greater test of being shut than the ability to shut soap water.

In the other hand, when we screw up our eyes tightly, which is done by contracting the muscles of the eyebrow and the upper eyelid, a number of creases are formed down which the soap-suds trickle, and the eye, which seems so tightly shut, is really more open to annoyance. The more tightly the eye is held, however, the more does the lower lid force up the protecting eyelashes of the upper lid and thus prevent the watered that the naturally closed eye makes.

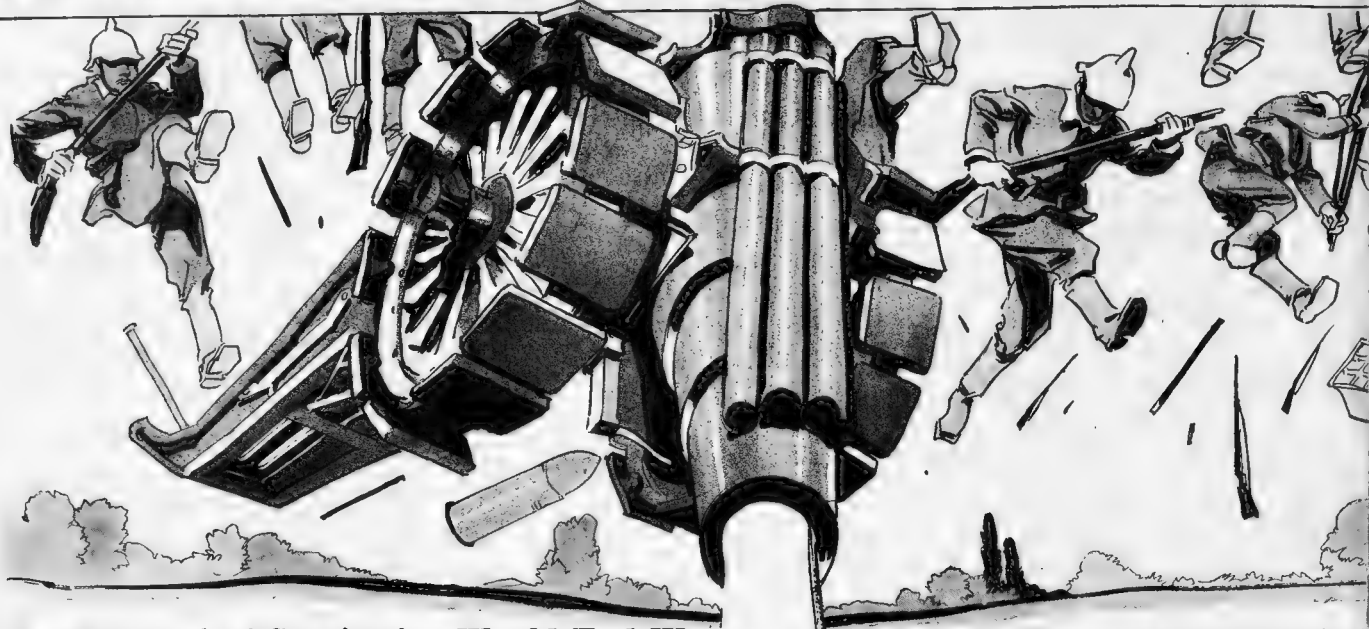
In modern city life, where there is so much dust, the eye should be washed every day. The trick of opening one's

eyes under water, which every good swimmer knows, can be made a habit, and, if by morning, the eye is not an ordinary bath. To put the face down in clear cold water, and upon and shut the eyes once or twice, not only will give a feeling of freshness, but, for those who use their eyes a great deal, it will be found a great preventer of eye-strain.

Many people have headaches, for which they can give no reason, which are due mainly to tiny strains of dust in the eye. The action of washing removes some of these, otherwise we should become blind (the eyes of blind creatures, snakes, etc., are differently constructed), that the transition arose from one of the other personalities to herself was most dramatic and strange.

In washing out the eye however, it is necessary to be careful. Soap water will do no harm, as a good housewife will do the trick, but as well, but that reduces another headache, I, on a different case, so that the cure is as bad as the disease.

Miracles of Science Nearly Ours—Control of Gravity



How Control of Gravitation Would End War and Solve All Problems of Aerial Navigation

By Professor Garrett P. Serviss

(The Distinguished American Astronomer)

THE greatest triumph that man could achieve over nature would be the mastering, and particularly the neutralizing, of the universal force called gravitation—the force that gives weight. This force is at the basis of all our mechanics as well as of the mechanism of the entire universe. No machine would work if there were no gravitation. The earth could not exist without gravitation. The solar system could not have been created, and could not continue to exist, without gravitation. All the gassy systems would go to wreck without it.

Gravitation adapts itself to the greatness or littleness of what it deals with. When it acts upon a feather its force is too slight to be felt by the muscles of a child's finger, but acting between the sun and the earth it exerts a pull equal to the strength of a bar of steel 4,000 miles thick!

The nature of gravitation has always been a mystery. Newton, who discovered the law by which it acts, was unable to imagine what it was in itself. Yet it is possible that the discovery that baffled Newton is about to fall into our hands.

Dr. T. J. J. See, the astronomer, has recently set forth reasons for believing that gravitation is only another of the many protean forms in which electricity manifests itself. To put his idea in a nutshell it may be said that the force of gravitation is due to electric currents circulating around the atoms of matter, and the amount of gravitative force exerted by a body depends upon the number of such currents, or electric vortices, that it contains.

This theory brings the ultimate conquest of gravitation by human ingenuity within the realm of reasonable speculation, because we have already learned how to deal with electricity in many of its other manifestations, and we might conceivably be equally successful when we meet it under the guise of gravitation.

And, if what was reported from Italy a few days ago is true, the critical discovery of a way to neutralize gravity may now actually have been made, for an engineer named Louis Rota has a spindle-shaped machine, capable of carrying sixty pounds weight, which rises against gravity to a height of several thousand feet, and can either be held motionless or propelled at a speed of a hundred miles an hour in any direction simply by means of reactions caused by electric magnetic forces. It does not appear that Rota's machine is yet so far freed from the control of the earth's attraction that it can fly out indefinitely into space, or be held fast at a chosen point, allowing the earth to rotate beneath it, so that in twenty-four hours it would effectively make the circuit of the globe, but this and things even more miraculous in appearance would be possible if such an invention could be perfected.

Among the infinite applications of a gravitating machine, every one of which would be a wonderful miracle in the eyes of the existing science, we may mention first what could be done with it in war.

Gravitation is a force of great power, and of course with such speeds a special form would have to be given to the machine, approximating that of a slender projectile, in order to withstand the rush through the air. By swiftly reversing its course it could sweep to and fro over an enemy's army or stronghold, dropping bombs and destructive gases like rain, while itself safe from gunfire through its speed if not otherwise. A hundred or a thousand such machines would destroy and scatter an army of a million men and render a wide space of country uninhabitable.

No ship and no fleet would be secure against the attacks. No harbor could be fortified against them. They could only be fought with their own kind, and two fleets of such machines in conflict would dart through and about one another with the blinking swiftness of fighting dragon flies.

But suppose that upon the principle of induction the machine could be made to impart its neutralizing force to other things outside itself, as, for instance, to a portion of the atmosphere. The result would be tremendous. A cylinder of air a few rods in diameter set free from obedience to gravity would be forced upward to a great rush. Air made a little lighter by being warmed rises swiftly. Think, then, what would occur with air suddenly deprived of all weight!

Every such ascending current would become the centre of an irresistible tornado cyclone, because the air would rush in from all sides, a mighty swirl would be set up, and in an instant there would be formed a tornado on the land or a waterpout on the sea, which nothing could resist. An ordinary tornado, which scatters churches, wrecks houses, tears up trees by the roots, and blows down forests, cuts off people and sucks ponds and lakes dry, would be but a slight disturbance compared with the artificial tornado created by the action of a gravitating machine. A series of such tornadoes set in whirling over an army or a beleaguered stronghold would be more destructive than the most powerful artillery.

On the sea in a crowded harbor they would wreck entire fleets. With the weight of the air above removed the water would rise in whirling waves, which could be directed into harbors and channels, sweeping everything to destruction. A machine flying over a battleship at sea could suddenly cause a waterpout which would toss the steel monster as if a submarine volcano had

broken in action beneath it, and then send it to the bottom like a lump of lead.

Or if the inductive action of negative gravity could be exercised upon all sorts of objects. Ships could be robbed of their weight until they would rise helplessly in the air like soap bubbles; marching soldiers would suddenly find themselves deprived of weight, and bobbing like corks in the atmospheric ocean, totally at the mercy of the enemy; the projectiles from heavy guns would be gravitationally neutralized as they flew and become so light that they would be stopped by the air like so many blown feathers.

These things seem the height of absurdity when thus stated, but once the neutralization of gravitation effected and things will more incredibly low result.

So much for a mere hint of what might be done in war. Now for a glimpse at the still greater miracles of neutral gravity in peace. Weight would cease to exist wherever it was an obstacle to man's wishes.

The railroad would know no limit to the amount of freight they could carry, except the limit of bulk.

A million tons of coal could be rendered as light as so much sawdust.

A farmer could "neutralize" a big rock in the middle of his field and then kick it over the fence and into a ravine.

An engineer having a canal to dig would "neutralize" the dirt and stone and then lift them out by suction of graduated artificial tornadoes.

A man dissatisfied with the location of his house would temporarily deprive it of weight, float it through the air to the place where he wished to establish it and then restore its weight and stability.

It would be easy to dig canals across the widest continents, to remove the most troublesome hills and mountains and to change, in short, the whole face of the earth.

It is somewhat surprising that nobody ever thought of ascribing to the Martians the possession of negative gravity machines, or with them all the mysteries of that planet would be easily explainable.

The neutralization of gravitation at will would make aerial navigation the simplest thing in the world. People could float and fly by simply dropping their gravity for the time being or setting it off at just enough of it to enable them to rise at any required height, while, as far as the means to travel are concerned it would be as easy to walk the moon or any of the planets as to walk across the street.

If the whole earth could be neutralized it could abandon the sun and join some other solar system. If a "runaway star" should threaten our system the earth, by dropping its gravity, could fall out of line and so escape the common doom.

I repeat that all this is not absurd if once the power to neutralize gravitation be supposed to have been acquired. The results are as inevitable as those of a mathematical equation, where the mill depends entirely upon the sort of spirit that you put in.

Dr. Bell's Remarkable Prediction Carried from Mind

By Dr. Alexander Graham Bell

(In an interview)

MANY recent scientific discoveries, in my opinion, point to a day not far distant perhaps, when man will read one another's thoughts, when thoughts will be conveyed directly from brain to brain without intervention of speech, writing or any of the present known methods of communication.

I can imagine, as I have already told the electrical engineers, men with coils of wire about their heads communicating thought to one another by induction.

It is a speculation, of course. I cannot tell in all the details at present. If I could, I should not be simply chatting about it, but would be helping to manufacture apparatus. A hundred reasons point to the end I have in mind, but there is a large gap to be bridged over before the end is reached. It is not unreasonable to look forward to a time when we shall see without eyes, hear without ears and talk without tongues.

Speculation of this character has a legitimate value to science. It may help the inventive worker to achieve his object and it stimulates interest and enthusiasm in others. No man ever made a great advance to discovery without imagining the end to be achieved before he had worked out the preliminary details.

Briefly, the hypothesis that mind can communicate directly with mind rests on the theory that thought or vital force is a form of electrical disturbance, that it can be taken up by induction and transmitted to a distance either through a wire or simply through the all-pervading ether, as in the case of wireless telegraph waves.

There are many analogies that suggest that thought is of the nature of an electrical current. A nerve which is of the same substance as the brain is an excellent conductor of the electric current. When we first passed an electric current through the nerves of a dead man we were shocked and amazed to see him sit up and move. The

electrified nerves produced contraction of the muscles very much as in life.

The nerves appear to act upon the muscles very much as the electric current acts upon an electromagnet. The current magnetizes a bar of iron placed at right angles to it and the nerves produce, through the intangible current of vital force that flows through them contraction of the muscular fibres that are arranged at right angles to them.

It would be possible to cite many reasons why thought and vital force may be regarded as of the same nature as electricity. The electric current is held to be a wave motion of the ether, the hypothetical substance that fills all space and pervades all substances. We believe that there must be ether, because without it the electric current could not pass through a vacuum or sunlight through space. It is reasonable to believe that only a wave motion of a similar character can produce the phenomena of thought and vital force. We may assume then that the brain cells act as a battery and that the current produced flows along the nerves.

But does it end there? Does it not pass out of the body in waves which flow round the world unperceived by our senses, just as the wireless waves passed unperceived before Hertz and others discovered their existence?

This, then, is my thought, that every man

Electro-Magnetic Cylinder Used by Professor Magnusson and Stevens to Make Insulated Eyes See

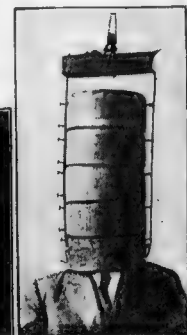
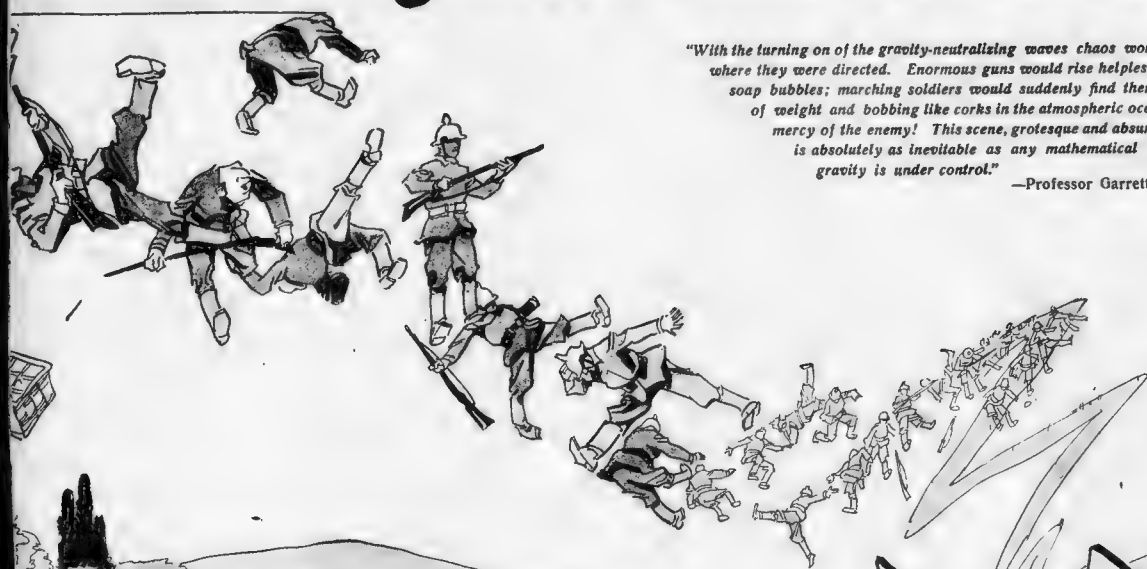


Diagram of the Brain in the Magnusson Experiments A B and C D Where the Magnetic Force of the Brain Relates



Gravitation, Thoughts by Wireless, Eyes for the Blind



"With the turning on of the gravity-neutralizing waves chaos would at once rule where they were directed. Enormous guns would rise helplessly in the air like soap bubbles; marching soldiers would suddenly find themselves deprived of weight and bobbing like corks in the atmospheric ocean, wholly at the mercy of the enemy! This scene, grotesque and absurd as it may seem, is absolutely as inevitable as any mathematical calculation, once gravity is under control."

—Professor Garrett P. Serviss.

In That Thoughts Will Be to Mind Along the "Ethereic Vibrations"

...out from his mind vibrations of the rapidly and infinitesimal wave-
...pass completely round the earth
...ould reveal his thoughts, if there
...e way of perceiving them or record-
...markable that nearly all our recent
...science have had to do with dis-
...ut new vibrations. Suppose you
...power to make as iron rod vibrate
...desired frequency in a dark room,
...when vibrating slowly, its move-
...be indicated by only one sense,
...touch. As soon as the vibrations
...a low sound will emanate from it
...ill appeal to two senses
...out 32,000 vibrations to the second
...d will be loud and shrill, but at
...vibrations it will be silent and its
...its will not be perceived by touch
...ment will be perceived by no or-
...human sense.
...this point on to about 1,500,000 vi-
...per second we have no sense that
...ciate any effect of the intervening
...e. After that stage is reached its
...it is indicated first by the sense of
...and then, when the rod be-
...d hot, by the sense of heat. At
...it sheds violet light. Above that
...into the ultra-violet rays and other
...radiations, some of which can be
...by instruments and employed by

Now it has occurred to me that there must be a great deal to be learned about the effect of those vibrations in the great gap where the ordinary human senses are unable to hear, see or feel those phenomena. The power to send wireless messages by other vibrations lies in that gap, but the gap is so great that it seems there must be much more. You must make machines practically to supply new senses, as the wireless instruments do.
Can it be said when you think of that great gap, that there are not many forms of vibrations that may give us results wonderful as, or even more wonderful than, the wireless waves? It seems to me possible that in this gap lie the vibrations which we have assumed to be given off by our brains and nerve cells when we think. But then again, they may be higher up in the scale beyond the vibrations that produce the ultra-violet rays.
Do we need a wire to carry these vibrations? Will they not pass through the ether without a wire just as the wireless waves do? How will they be perceived by the recipient? Will he hear a series of signals or will he find that another man's thoughts have entered into his brain?
These are questions that any man with natural curiosity would ask, and I may as well say that I am not prepared to answer them all just now.
We may indulge in some speculations

based on what we know of the wireless waves, which, as I have said, are all we can recognize of a vast series of vibrations which theoretically must exist. If the thought waves are similar to the wireless waves they must pass from the brain and flow endlessly around the world and the universe. The body and the skull and other solid obstacles would form no obstruction to their passage, as they pass through the ether, which surrounds the molecules of every substance, no matter how solid and dense.
I cannot be sure whether we shall perceive another man thinking by listening to a series of signals like the telegraphic alphabet or whether our senses will develop until we can perceive the other fellow thinking without any instruments.
You ask if there would not be constant interference and confusion if other people's thoughts were flowing through our brains and setting up thoughts in them that did not originate with ourselves.
How do you know that other men's thoughts are not interfering with yours now? I have noticed a great many phenomena of mind disturbance that I have never been able to explain. For instance, there is the inspiration or the discouragement that a speaker feels in addressing an audience. I have experienced this many times in my life and have never been able to define exactly the physical causes of it.



How Magnetism Makes Blinded Eyes See

ONE remarkable experiment on the production of light effects in the brain by a magnetic field have been tried on by C. E. Magnusson and H. C. Evans, of the University of Washington.
A report of them has appeared in a Philosophical Magazine of London. The experimenters took a man and

Alleged Photograph of a Thought Wave Taken by Professor Baraduc of Paris



placed a solenoid, or electric magnetic cylinder, over his head. They used a coil consisting of five sections connected in a series. The separate sections were kept in position by means of ropes passed through eyelets.
The lower end of the coil was fitted with wadding placed around the neck of the observer. He was usually in complete darkness and blindfolded. The observations required about ten minutes at a time.
"In determining the threshold at which he began to see light," they say, "the field was begun subliminally and gradually increased until the observer signalled, by means of an electric light which he operated with a button, that the visual sensation was just apparent. Although the field was gradually increased in strength by taking out resistance, the field was intermittently made and broken by a switch, which was operated by an assistant. A pedulum of suitable length enabled the assistant to keep the switch closed for one second and opened for an equal length of time. The period of stimulation and the intervening interval of a few seconds, when the instruments were read and recorded. Inasmuch as three persons co-operated in this part of the experiment, the work was done rapidly.
"In the second observations of the series the stimulus was begun far above

the threshold and decreased slowly and intermittently, until the sensation of light became visible, the observer signalling with his light when the point was reached.
"By thus alternating the series of ten observations were taken with their corresponding readings on the instrument." The observer was generally blindfolded, and it was found that excluding outside light was helpful in perceiving the lowest threshold of light effects.
With a strong field, however, the light effects were noticed in daylight.
The experimenters describe the large variety of different patterns of light that the observers saw with the changes of strength and frequency of the current. Just how these changes were caused is shown in a series of tables, which would be dry reading for the non-scientific reader. For instance, the light appeared as a quivering network of the greatest brilliancy when the frequency is between twenty-five and thirty cycles. With increasing frequency the meshes became smaller, and changed into a steady glow above seventy cycles. Pulsating flashes were experienced at lower frequencies and a phosphorescent glow at higher frequencies.
The light effects also included "wave forms," "flashes," "memes," "standing waves," and "flickers."
No after images on the retina could be traced as a result of these sensations, such as appear after physical shock or injury.

The experimenters give the following summary of the results they obtained with a direct current:
(a) Visual sensations were produced by an increasing or decreasing magnetic field when the circuit was closed or open. No effect was noticed when the current had reached a constant value.
(b) The effect appeared as a narrow wave or band of light in a horizontal plane, and rapidly moving downward across the field of vision, when the current is closed, and upward when the circuit is broken.
(c) The direction of the lines of force in the field (up or down) did not affect the direction of motion of the light waves.
(d) The wave observed on closing the circuit was brighter and more definite in outline than the corresponding wave when the circuit was broken. The rate of increase of field strength on closing the circuit was also greater than the corresponding increase on opening the circuit. This tends to prove that the intensity of the visual sensations depends

on the intensity and rate of change in the magnetic field.
With alternating currents these were the results obtained:
(a) With the coil used the threshold for current at sixty cycles was between 3,000 and 4,000 amperes turns. These values no doubt vary considerably with different observers and also with the physical condition of the observer during the test. The observer rapidly became fatigued and after the excitation has continued for a while larger values are required to produce notable effects.
(b) Increasing the ampere turns also increases the intensity of the light sensation.
(c) The frequency of alternations has a marked effect on the visual sensations. With the same strength of magnetic field the effect appeared greatest between twenty and thirty cycles per second. At frequencies below fifteen per second the light pulsates in a succession of flashes over the whole field. From twenty to thirty-five cycles the light appeared as a network of standing waves, on which is superimposed a quivering, flickering effect. The size of the meshes is smaller for the higher frequency. Above forty cycles the light becomes more uniform and the flicker more rapid.
(d) The effect is the greatest in the temporal parts of the field.

Sciences' Newest Art of Bringing Back the Faces of Lost Faces



The Becker Death Mask of Shakespeare, the Droschout Portrait and the Bust Above His Grave. The New Method of Restoring Faces Could Be Used to Prove Which Is the Authentic Likeness of Shakespeare's Skull Were Preserved.

We can now see the mighty dead face to face.

Science has perfected the difficult process of reconstructing the face of a human being of whom only the skull and perhaps other bones are obtainable.

To be justified, however, a fleshless skull presents little human likeness, and certainly conveys no notion of the exact appearance in life of the person to whom it belonged.

But to an ingenious system of building up muscles and skin upon the bones of the skull this appearance can be reproduced with scientific accuracy. This result can even be obtained when only a portion of the skull and face bones are in existence.

There are many thousands of lost persons whose faces we should behold with intense interest. In some cases their skulls are known to be in existence, and in others there is a possibility that a skull still be found.

Who would you not like to see? Alexander the Great, Semiramis, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mohammed, Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, Shakespeare, Dante and hosts of other famous men and women of the past as they actually looked in the flesh?

In a class of some, like Abraham, Moses and Helen of Troy, we have no records whatever to show what they looked like. In other cases, even where the subjects lived in a fairly civilized age, we have only pictures and busts that must be in a great degree affected by the mind of the artist and the artistic conventions of the day.

In looking at paintings and sculptures of past ages the observer is struck by the perfect resemblance of the same period are all represented as somewhat alike. The ladies admired by King Louis XIV. of France show a strong family resemblance, while those of Louis Charles, King of France, also resemble one another, though differing from the French specimens. Apparently a certain type of beauty was in fashion in each period, and the artists depicted it.

What did these women really look like? The professors will tell us.

Then again there has always been a controversy over the likeness of Shakespeare, due to the great differences between the pictures and busts of him existing. It was never to disfigure his skull, which is believed to be in existence.

Healed to lie with his bones at Stratford-on-Avon, disregarding the curse threatened against those who disturb his remains, we should be able to obtain an exact likeness of the greatest poet of all time.

Then there has always been a terrible curiosity to know what style of beauty was possessed by Cleopatra, perhaps the greatest character of history. This curiosity is entirely unshared, for some artists make her look like a nervous and others like an ordinary European woman.

Now, the Bibliotheque Nationale de Paris possesses a Greco-Egyptian sarcophagus and mummy which is said to be that of the immortal queen, although its authenticity is not beyond question. If it can be proved that the skull of Cleopatra really lies here it can be reconstructed to show us the very features that intoxicated so many famous men.

Certainly we possess the authentic remains, skull and all, of Ramses the Great, and of many other celebrated ancient Egyptians. These can now be reconstructed in absolutely lifelike form.

There is another class of human remains to which the new process may be applied with very interesting results. They are the remains of our prehistoric ancestors—the Neanderthal man, the Spy man, the man of Mouster, the Piltdown man of Britain, the ape man of Java and many others of whom we possess more or less complete remains.

Did the Neanderthal man have the gorilla-like type of face which is generally ascribed to him? We shall now be able to know exactly what this primitive human, who lived perhaps 100,000 years ago looked like.

The method of reconstructing the face from the bones has been perfected independently by Professor von Froelich, in Germany, and by Dr. Henri Martin, in France. Briefly speaking, the essential principle consists in ascertaining from the examination of many specimens the normal thickness of flesh that overlies a certain bone in a certain part of face. From these calculations the scientists by an elaborate process build up a face upon the skull.

Professor von Froelich was led to take up this study in order to settle the long controversy over the skull of Schiller, the great German poet. Schiller's death his body was buried with twenty-two men in a

vault in the cemetery at Weimar, Saxony. When, in 1826, the vault had to be emptied, the contents were so decayed that Schiller's skull could not be distinguished from the others. A comparison was then made between the twenty-three skulls and the only known death mask of Schiller. In the opinion of a large body of experts, the largest skull was pronounced to be that of Schiller.

Soon after that a second death mask of the poet was discovered at Weimar, and the German anatomist Weicker, after comparing both masks with the supposed skull of Schiller, declared that there was no resemblance between it and either mask, and consequently it could not be the skull of Schiller. His opinion led to a long controversy in which many distinguished scientists contradicted one another.

Now Professor von Froelich has perfected his method of reconstructing faces, and by the help of it he has picked out another skull from the vault which he declares is the genuine Schiller skull. He made profile drawings of this skull and of the mask and fitted them together. He obtained the exact thickness of the fleshy parts of the face from a large number of measurements of suitable corpses of the same age and physical type as Schiller. The

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How Professor Von Froelich with Only a Fleshless Skull to Work Upon Ingeniously Restores the Features and Exact Likeness of a Prehistoric Man or Woman, Ancient Hero, or Immortal Beauty of Antiquity



"In Restoring a Human Face, the Thickness of the Muscles Upon the Various Parts is First Established and Then Little Pyramids Are Constructed of Corresponding Thickness All Over the Skull. These Are Joined by a Layer of Plaster to Represent the Flesh."

Professor's conclusions are now generally accepted as beyond dispute.

By Professor von Froelich's method the genuineness and authenticity of the skulls of the artist Raphael and of the musicians Haydn and Bach have been completely settled.

While the method at first used was chiefly to prove the authenticity of a skull in cases where a reliable portrait existed, it was soon modified to produce a bust or portrait where the skull only existed. It was first used in this way upon a well-preserved skull found in a prehistoric dwelling at Auvier, near the Neuchâtel Lake. From its appearance it was that of a woman



Complete Face of the Prehistoric Auvier Woman as Reconstructed by Professor von Froelich.

the man of La Quina was found, the animal remains and the vestiges of human workmanship surrounding them, enabled them to fix the exact period when this skeleton was alive. It lived at a time when the climate of France was very cold, when the mammoth and the great cave bear roamed in that land, and man used weapons and tools made from bones broken on one side only. That means that his workmanship was very crude.

Dr. Henri Martin first calculated the size of the deeper muscles that would have covered this skull, and reproduced them in plaster. Then he placed over these the superficial muscles and the skin.

It only remained to cover the skull with a skin, nose and ears to give it the appearance of life and make it a genuine portrait but at the same time it is to be remembered that above at the top of the skull indicates that he was enormously above the age in intelligence.



How the Plaster Representing the Face Was Built Up Over the Skull of the Prehistoric Woman of Auvier.

Raising Living Threads to Destroy the Filthy, Disease-Spreading Fly

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins).

YOU have noticed dead flies on window sills. Perhaps you have seen five drop dead before your very eyes. You know that the house-fly is the enemy of man and destroys babies under three years of age every summer by tens of thousands. You know that cholera infantum, summer complaints, typhoid, tuberculosis and many maladies are spread by flies. You wish all flies would be either unborn or quickly drop dead shortly after birth, like those on your window sill.

Dr. Edgar Hesse, an Englishman, noticed that the flies which dropped dead around his house, where there was no poison or other antiseptic campaign on, were affected with little specks and spots such as are found on apples, peaches, vegetables and other vegetation. He examined them and discovered that each dead fly had them. They were mounds of fungi, which the microscope showed to be malignant living parasites which are as deadly to flies as typhus virus is to man.

The hair-like strands of this mould stain little dots or "spores," which dry

up and await a chance to be picked up by the next fly that comes their way. Other flies kill the flies by parasites. He remembered that all that the housefly has a well recognized habit of cleaning its exterior flesh and body by means of its bristles. In combination with this fact is the one that the insect is predisposed to seek light, sunlight and heat. All of these things are opposed to the habit of this deadly mould growing on the outside of the body. He, therefore, began his research with the conviction, now proved, that the spores of the fungus would be destroyed by light and heat.

A series of cages were built up to maintain a large number of houseflies alive and under his research with the conviction, now proved, that the spores of the fungus would be destroyed by light and heat.

Food was supplied by means of small dishes suspended through the door of the cage. Jelly and jam were used for a time, but it was too sticky and entangled the feet of too many flies. Condensed milk dried was soon found to be better. It is a safe and good fly food and will kill itself, houseflies for three or more months.

"dead medium"—as he began to look for some living "medium" upon which to plant and raise this deadly fly parasite. He remembered that all that the housefly has a well recognized habit of cleaning its exterior flesh and body by means of its bristles. In combination with this fact is the one that the insect is predisposed to seek light, sunlight and heat. All of these things are opposed to the habit of this deadly mould growing on the outside of the body. He, therefore, began his research with the conviction, now proved, that the spores of the fungus would be destroyed by light and heat.

A series of cages were built up to maintain a large number of houseflies alive and under his research with the conviction, now proved, that the spores of the fungus would be destroyed by light and heat.

Now the mould spores were spread upon the thin blotting paper, which was hung on the edge of the bath tub of the cages. Each cage both before and after was sterilized with soda and when cleaned and dried, varnished with white French polish to destroy all spores and microbes which might have remained. An experiment was made to see if this method would work. The flies sucked greedily of this mixture and thus got upon a deadly portion of the deadly fly fungus. I trust the anti-typhoidists will not fail to repeat the act again.

This unfailing experiment against the lovable house fly. One week elapsed before the parasite mould began to assert its unlovely presence—that is, to the flies. One fly began to show a very secure became a veritable plague in the cage, for in twenty-one days every housefly had died.

Following The Path of the Ancient Crusaders-

But This Time It Is the German Christians Who Threaten to March to the Relief of the Infidel Turks

RECENT dispatches stated that the German and Austrian governments were planning to send an army of 400,000 soldiers to rescue the Turks from the attacks of the allies at the Dardanelles and save Constantinople.

This great army, the dispatches explained, would follow the route through the Balkan Peninsula to Constantinople and the East, taken by the Crusaders, and especially by the Germans in the Third Crusade under the celebrated Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

Thus we should have the extraordinary spectacle of a great Christian nation pouring forth to save the infidel Turks by the very route that their ancestors took eight hundred years ago to save the Sepulchre of the Saviour and the holiest places of Christianity from the Moslem infidel.

Perhaps no such complete reversal of history has ever been witnessed.

Events which have happened since those dispatches came make it problematical whether the Germans will undertake or push the proposed expedition to Constantinople. Nevertheless the plan remains exceedingly interesting. It has been discussed with great enthusiasm in Germany and undoubtedly from a purely military point of view, it presents many attractions.

From the plains of Hungary, which are unquestionably part of the German-Austrian domain, there lies one great broad highway to Constantinople, winding among mountains and gorges and through the fertile wild and mountainous Balkan Peninsula. It is entered from Hungary by crossing the Danube River opposite Belgrade, the capital of Serbia.

Then it passes from Serbia to Nish, the ancient Nisus, by way of the valley of the Morava River, thence eastward between the Balkan and Rhodope mountains to Sofia in Bulgaria, then to Adrianople which is just within the present Turkish dominions, and from there to Constantinople.

Roughly speaking, it is about six hundred miles long. In some respects it resembles our old "overland trail" to the Pacific.

The first part of the route, a very short part, lies through the Balkan mountains, a few miles of the Rumanian frontier. Then it passes through Bulgaria to Turkey.

With the allies held in check elsewhere, and with Rumania and Bulgaria neutral or helping the German side, the Germans could easily smash through Serbia and march on Constantinople. The present allied force attacking the Dardanelles is holding on with difficulty to the rocky Gallipoli Peninsula and unable to reach the mainland that leads to Constantinople.

Now, if a strong German army were to hold that mainland, the allied effort to force the Dardanelles and take Constantinople would become quite hopeless.

Today a railroad runs along the "Crusader Way," but the fact that it can also be used by German, Russian and other "infidels" is almost as important today as in medieval times.

It was along this way that thousands of Germans and other Europeans, aroused by the preaching of that extraordinary man, Peter the Hermit, swept on their way to Constantinople and the Holy Land.

How Peter the

Hermit Roused Europe.

Peter, while at Jerusalem, believed that the Saviour awaited him in a vision and commanded him to rouse the people to rescue the Sepulchre from the Turks. The hermit then wandered over Europe, rousing the people to frenzy by his almost miraculous tales.

While Italian, French and English Crusaders often sailed from the Mediterranean port to Turkey, the Germans, a few followed the great land trail that led from the heart of their own continent.

Most extraordinary was "the Fabulous Crusade" that formed part of the First Crusade begun in 1095. "The example of the crusades of Peter were clearly pursued by another zealot the monk Godfrey, or Gottschalk, whose sermons had swept away fifteen of twenty thousand peasants from the villages of Germany and the great historian Gibbon. Their rear was again pressed by a herd of two hundred thousand, the most stupid and savagest refuse of the people, who mingled with their devoted a brutal licentious and drunkenness. Some counts and knights, at the head of three thousand horse, attended the columns of the multitude to partake in the spoil; but their genuine leaders (may we credit such folly?) were a good and a gent, who were carried in the front.

"It was the founders of Austria and the seal of the Byzantine monarchs the Crusaders were compelled to traverse an interval of six hundred miles—the wild

and desolate countries of Hungary and Bulgaria. Both nations had imbibed the rudiments of Christianity—the Hungarians were ruled by their native princes, the Bulgarians by a lieutenant of the Greek emperor; but on the slightest provocation their ferocious nature was re-kindled, and ample provocation was afforded by the disorders of the first pilgrim.

"The Greek prefect of Bulgaria commanded a regular force; at the trumpet of the Hungarian king, the south or the tenth of his martial subjects beat their bows and mounted on horseback; their policy was insidious, and their retaliation on these plous robbers was unremitting and bloody.

"The Greek Emperor rescued them and led the remnant to Constantinople, but no sooner were they revived by the hospital entertainment than their venom was again inflamed; they stung their benefactor, and neither gardens, places, nor churches were safe from their depredations. For his own safety, Alexius assured them to pass over to the Anatolian side of the Bosphorus; but their blind impetuosity soon urged them to desert the station which he had assigned, and to rush headlong against the Turks, who hempered the road to Jerusalem. The hermit, conscious of his shame, led with drawn from the camp to Constantinople, and his lieutenant, Walter the penniless, who was worthy of a better command, attempted without success to introduce some order and prudence among the herd of savages. They separated in quest of prey, and themselves fell an easy prey to the arts of the Sultan. By a rumor that their foremost companies were rioting in the spoils of his capital, Alexius tempted the main body to descend into the plain of Nicara; they were overwhelmed by the Turkish arrows, and a pyramid of bones informed their companions of the place of their defeat. Of the First Crusaders three hundred thousand had already perished before a single city was rescued from the Muslims, before the traveler and our noble brethren had completed the preparations of their enterprise.

"The greatest of the Crusades was the third (1189-1192), in which Richard Coeur de Lion joined and the great German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa took part. Hearings of many misfortunes to the Crusaders in the East Barbarossa, though just seventy years of age, hastened to their help, and he was the one who that his descendants propose to take in order to help the Turks. He fought his way bravely through the wild races of the Balkan peninsula, reached Constantinople, and entered Asia, but here he encountered treacherously to his tremendous exertions.

"It was in the Spring of the year," says Gibbon, "that they passed the Isaurian Mountains, from which issues the small river of the Calycadnus. In this stream Frederick bathed, but his aged frame could not sustain the shock. His son, the Duke of Swabia, was a brave and experienced general, yet the death of the Emperor so much revived the courage of the Barbarians that the course of the Crusade was interrupted. Frederick's successor, Emperor Frederick II, was a Christian government in that city."

Then occurred the siege of Acre, a preliminary to the conquest of Jerusalem, where the mighty Coeur de Lion distinguished himself, as described by the old chronicler Geoffrey de Villehardouin. "On that day he performed the most brilliant deeds on the furious army of the Turks, and slew numbers with his sword which shone like lightning; some of them were cloven in two from their helmet to their teeth, while others lost their heads and other members, which were hurled off at a single blow. While the King was thus laboring with incredible exertions in the fight, a Turk advanced toward him, mounted on a foaming steed. He had been sent by Saladin of Acre, a liberal and magnificent man, if he had not rejected the Christian faith. This man now sent to the King, as a token of his well-known honorable character, two noble horses, requesting him earnestly to accept them and make use of them and if he returned safe and sound out of that battle to remember the gift and recompense it in any manner he pleased. The King readily accepted the present, and afterward bravely recommenced the fight. Such is history, remarkable even in an enemy; thus honored the King for his distinguished valor."

Tragedy of the Children's Crusade.

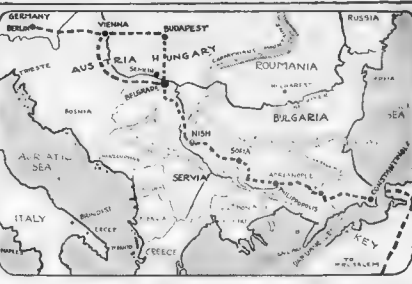
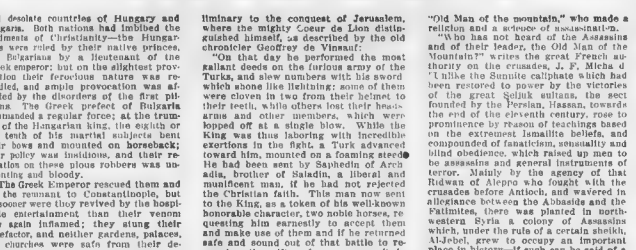
The most pathetic and tragic episode of the crusading period was the "Children's Crusade" of 1212.

"The children of France and Germany," says the historian Jordan, "who right themselves authorized by heaven to attempt the rescue of the Sepulchre, and ran about the country, crying 'Lord Jesus Christ, restore thy cross to us.' Boys and girls stole from their houses; no bolts, no bars, no fear of fathers or love of mothers could hold them back, and the number of youthful converts was thirty thousand. They were organized by some fanatical writers, one of whom was taken and hanged at Cologne. The children drove down France, crossed the Alps, and those who survived thirst, hunger and heat perished miserably at the gates of the sea of the Adriatic and the south of France. Many of Italy and the south of France, but seven large ships full of them went passing over to Jerusalem, two of the vessels were wrecked on the coast of Sicily, the rest of the ships went to Rhodes and the coast of Asia, and the masters sold the children to slavery."

The great promoter of the crusade in Germany was a certain Nicholas, a German by nation. This multitalented child says he was driven back to his home by the help of a false revelation, that the abysses of the sea would be dry; and they went to Genoa, with the intention of passing over to Jerusalem across the arid bed of the Mediterranean. The composition of these troops corresponded with the means employed to seduce them. There were children of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes; some of them were not more than twelve years old; they came from villages and towns, without leaders, without guides, without provisions, and with empty purses.

While striving to establish states in Asia Minor, the crusading chiefs were drawn by the lure of the East, and after suffering through the intrigues of that amazing

The Crusaders Passing Through Constantinople on Their Way to Jerusalem After Forcing Consent From the Reluctant Greek Emperor. Painting by Marino Carbonero.



Map Showing the Ancient Crusaders' Way to Constantinople and the Holy Land, Which the Germans May Take to Rescue the Moslem Turks From the Christian Allies.



Death of the Aged German Emperor Barbarossa, Who Heroically Led the Crusaders Through the Balkans and Past Constantinople on His Way to the Holy Land. Painting by W. Beckmann.

"WE ZEPPELINED" THE HEART OF LONDON

Thrilling Narrative by One of the Daring Aerial Crew, Telling How He Helped to Drop Two Tons of High Explosives on the Centre of the British Empire

Copenhagen, Sept. 22. The German authorities have permitted the publication in a Hamburg weekly newspaper of a very exciting and detailed account of a Zeppelin raid upon London by one of the crew of the airship.

This account is designed to arouse the enthusiasm of the German nation for the daring and difficult work done by the Zeppelins, and to make them realize the havoc and terror they are creating in England. A translation of the narrative follows:

OUR Zeppelin received orders at 6 o'clock in the evening to fly from our base in Tondern, for an attack on London. The craft airship slipped easily out of the long sled with noiseless motors, and after rising to 1,000 feet, the altitude most suited for steady flying, our captain steered by compass straight for London. Our true German heart beat high this night with the hope of doing some great and irreparable damage to London, the capital of that hostile country which has so basely and treacherously attacked Germany.

Perhaps we should destroy their House of Parliament, with its benches of timid, chatterbox demagogues, or their War Office, where our British mercenaries, Kitchener works, lives and sleeps, or the Foreign Office, where the scoundrel Grey conspires, or the official dwellings of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, situated on the notorious Downing street. Well did I know the location of all these places from my long residence in London.

Our commander said that a bomb dropped in a certain square of half a square mile in London could hardly fail to destroy some person of great importance in the official or wealthy classes of England.

How the Zeppelins Are Guided to Their Marks.

Perhaps we might strike a school or a hospital or a party of women. We should regret such accidents, but it is impossible to modify our splendid and effective aerial warfare simply because innocent combatants place themselves in the way of legitimate objects of attack. Everybody admits that it would be right to kill Asquith or Lloyd George, should we refrain from dropping a bomb on one of these non-combatants? Still, how can we keep his family about him? We know that London is a fortified city, and non-combatants also remain there so as to their peril.

The way had for months been prepared by previous air attacks and reconnaissance for a more accurate and effective blow at the heart of London. All lights, both street lamps and those in dwellings, have been lowered by order of the English Government to a point that causes the best of thoroughfare at night to present only a dull glow a few hundred yards away.

On the other hand, powerful searchlights operated in connection with anti-aircraft guns, and other military works are kept constantly playing on the sky in the search for our airships. If we can discover the impractical position of these searchlights and batteries, we can establish the other principal centres of the city from them and throw our bombs with some approach to accuracy—that is to say, we can at least drop them on a quarter where we know that there are public buildings or where important officials reside.

To establish the location of these points has been the work of our earlier air reconnaissance, and as a result of this system our work must become more and more deadly every day. We have, for instance, found that powerful searchlights and batteries are operated at Woolwich on the extreme eastern outskirts of London, at St. James's Park, which is in the line of the metropolis at Hampstead Heath on the north, and at the Crystal Palace, south of the Thames. The English are not likely to move all these defensive points, and if one is moved and not the others, the captain of the Zeppelin can discover the chance by reference to the other points.

As our Zeppelin can travel twenty miles an hour at its maximum, the journey of a little more than ten hundred miles from Tondern could be performed in a few hours. Luckiness was falling as we came over the stormy North Sea for we did not wish to be seen as reported by patrol ships.

The cold was intense and could be felt through the fleece-lined clothes and heavy felt shoes with which we were provided. Our Zeppelin carried a ton of the most destructive explosives ever created by science—sufficient to annihilate the heart of London, the greatest city in the world. The amount was divided into forty bombs of 100 pounds each, and eighty of fifty pounds each. The larger bombs are designed to destroy fortifications and heavy buildings. The smaller ones are for the purpose of setting fire to houses, and contain an explosive that develops a temperature of 8,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

We made out the mouth of the Thames from certain lightships and shore lights that have been maintained. At about 10 o'clock we found a powerful searchlight playing on us. This we knew from our information to be Woolwich, the largest English arsenal. As we no longer desired to conceal our presence, we discharged ten of the larger bombs in the vicinity of the searchlight.

The bombs are discharged from tubes pointing downward from a steel plate in the floor of the airship. The bomb is furnished with a steel bander, and by means of a lever is sent into the tube. A bolt fits into a hole in the bomb heads in the tube. The marksmen press his foot on an electric button in the plate in the floor of the car and this withdraws the bolt, leading the bombs. He can drop a bomb at once if he wishes, and the third or second last.

The height at which the airship flies, its speed and the effects of wind, present under impossible conditions in the sense that an airship would use the term. Nevertheless a considerable degree of effectiveness is attained by Zeppelin marksmen, while a marksmanship may exist, was this ammunition. To hit a mark half an acre in extent is good marksmanship from a Zeppelin. In practice a regiment of wooden dummies was set up in a field and one of our aerial marksmen succeeded in hitting the whole regiment.

If Zeppelin marksmanship is still rudimentary, the destructive power of our bombs, on the other hand, is terrible beyond anything dreamed of before this war. One of our long-range bombs striking fairly will destroy any existing building not constructed purely as a fortification. Even if it strikes in a street it will do a hole a hundred feet deep, destroy gas pipes, electric wire conduits, subways and any subterranean constructions that may be beneath the surface. Thus the destruction and paralyzing of all life in a city can be practically assured if we use sufficient bombs.

Our bombardment of Woolwich was followed by the extinction of the searchlight, and we had reason to believe that we had inflicted serious damage at this important centre.

We knew that in a few minutes we should be over the heart of London. Our daring commander decided to sail very low, following the course of the Thames which he knew would take him near all the objects he wished to reach. Suddenly the huge outline of a building loomed under our noses. Seen against the dull, cloudy sky, it appeared colossal. We almost struck it. It was a church! It was St. Paul's Cathedral!

An instantaneous turn of the elevating rudder saved us from a collision with the monstrous dome.

A few seconds more, straight to the westward and we knew that we were over the centre of official and fashionable London.

Our commander ordered the searchlight as fast as we could throw them. The ship circled

slowly round and round, peppering death on the solar plexus of the British Empire.

Beneath us was the Strand, with its theatres and hotels, the House of Parliament, the Government offices in Whitehall and Parliament street, the residences of the aristocracy in Mayfair, the fashionable clubs in Pall Mall, Buckingham Palace, the War Office, the Admiralty and Westminster Abbey. It was a night of terror for London.

The searchlights and the gun-played upon us constantly. At eight the anti-aircraft fighters rose aloft that spread a long trail of luminous smoke through the darkness in order to mark the position of the airship for the other gunners firing shrapnel. It was a grand and inconceivably weird spectacle to watch the electric beams and the long red trails playing about us and our great bombs exploded on the earth below with a sion that we could faintly discern.

It is exceedingly difficult for a gunner to hit an airship at a height of 8,000 feet, or even lower. We enjoyed a feeling of tremendous power and security.

Our daring commander ordered our craft to circle lower and lower in his determination to inflict the greatest possible injury on the enemy.

A Night of Death and Terror for London.

At last we could see the outlines of buildings on the ground. Below us was a great open square, in the centre a very high slender column. It was the bombastic British monument to their noted admiral Nelson standing in the centre of Trafalgar Square.

"Look a well a bomb aimed straight at the head of the once-over admiral. The ferret wiles of every man in our crew bent with it. Whether it struck the mark this alone will show."

We had ventured too near the earth, and an unusually well aimed shot struck the forward part of our vessel.

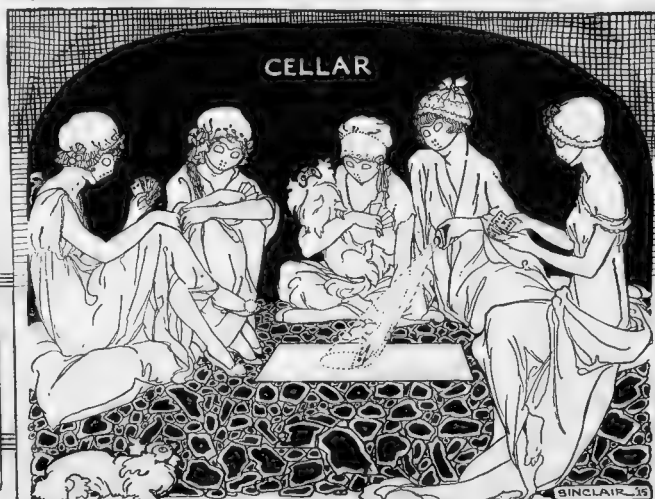
One of our mechanical experts, in his anxiety to ascertain the nature of the damage, climbed up on a stay, fell and was, of course, lost. That was our only casualty. We found later that the shot had only penetrated one "balloon" and had not interfered with our stability in any important degree. Our commander threw the elevating rudders to their extreme upward angle, and in a few minutes we were practically out of danger once more.

We threw all our supply of bombs upon London and then turned for home again. Steering by compass and the stars for Holsten, we made the return journey without mishap. The dawn was fast breaking when we came in sight of certain landmarks which guided us to our base.

There are certain details of the raid which I should not wish to reveal, and could not reveal without making myself liable to the death penalty. An attack by a Zeppelin is always accompanied by other air craft, both dirigibles and aeroplanes, in order to give protection to our capital airships and create confusion among the enemy. The English never know whether they are fired at a Zeppelin or a semi-rigid dirigible of similar shape, but comparatively small importance. These are the scouting cruisers of the air. Moreover, our raiding forces split up in the darkness according to pre-arranged plans, causing hopeless confusion among our terrestrial opponents, even if the approaching attack had been reported to them in advance.



The Wonderful Scene Presented by a Zeppelin Over the British Coast at Night with Red Smoke Trailers Playing on it and Shrapnel from Ships and Shore Batteries Firing on it. From a Painting by Charles Pears.



A Satirical Cartoon by Sinclair in London "Sketch" Showing Fashionable Ladies in Gas Masks Playing Bridge in a Cellar to Watch They Have Been Driven by Zeppelins—an Example of What is Frowned Upon in England as "Fifi-pancy."

Trafalgar Square, London, with the Nelson Monument, the Principal Object of Attack in a Recent Zeppelin Raid.

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The New Fall and Winter fashions

The New Quaint Lines,
High Tight Bodices and
"Patch Quilt" Furs
Described by
Lady Duff-Gordon.



Another of the New "Patch Quilt" Fur Sets of Seal and White

Side View of the Mole Taffeta Gown Without the Furs

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucie" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

By Lady Duff-Gordon
("Lucie")

HERE I show you the first of my new models. And so that you can take in all the changes in this particular type of gown, I am showing you one photograph with the new "patch quilt" furs and a side view of the same gown without these furs.

This dress is of mole taffeta. It is an afternoon dress. The little hat is strictly in keeping with the tight bodice and the full skirt. The trimming on the dress is mink. The stole and muff are a type of what is to be known as the "patch quilt." In this case they are made of ermine, striped with black fox.

The side picture shows the same dress with a little mink neckpiece and muff.

The whole dress reveals some of the new quaint lines which will be so evident in one group, not only of my models but of others, this season.

A word more, though, about these furs and

their very extensive and complex use this year. There will be few of these adjuncts to woman's dress which will be allowed to be simply the pet of the animal to which they belong. The revolution in furs began with the dyeing of them in all colors last Winter, and, to a small degree, the Winter before. This was the first step in experimentation upon what could be done. This season sees the full answer.

The furs now appear in combination with as many as three and four other kinds of fur. There will be a stole and muff which may combine ermine, seal, fox and mole. At the same time, they being used enormously in combination with fabrics—muffs, one-third fur and the balance beautiful brocades, velvets, silks and even lace, have been created. The fur is also being used in the actual dress itself—not simply as edging, but actually as a part of the costume. I have in mind one dress in which strips of mole run from the waist all the way to the skirt against other strips of taffeta and broadcloth.

Some of the effects are astonishing, but beautiful!

Furs are also being used for extremely quaint and piquant capes, which are to be a part of tailored costumes. Usually the inside of these capes are very gay with wonderfully designed silks. Many of them, in fact, all of these ideas, go back in shape and form to the 1840 ideas, from which so much of the new season's fashions are drawn.

The small waist is the necessary accompaniment of the full skirts and tight bodices, and the bodices of my new creations all fit the figure snugly, are pointed in the front and button from the neck straight down to the V-shaped point. The plainness of the long

sleeve I shall break at the elbow with fullness, or perhaps a little below the elbow I may add a languid puff. Sleeves are offering all sorts of amusing possibilities, and I shall play a variation on each of them.

The coats—well, what would you expect the coats to be? They must cover the gown, and the gown has hoops; they must, therefore, flare over the hips, and, like the gown, they will fit snugly at the waistline. The collar offers quite as wide a field for ingenious effects as the sleeves of the gowns, but will be high, that I assure you.

To complete the picture, I am making bonnets—where could one find a more fitting complement to the costumes I have just described? Just call to mind a young girl with her hair parted in the front and drawn softly down over her ears, and her piquant face framed in a bonnet of velvet or satin. You will see her this Winter, even with the velvet bow tied primly under her chin; and you will see in another of these scoop-shaped bonnets her mother, for they are quite as becoming to the woman with gray hair as to youth.

If other wrappings are unwound, your readers will see one of the first of the new evening frocks, a fantasy in tulle with applique pieces of turquoise blue satin. The fish-colored tulle overskirt is hung over a hoop, the lower edge of which is concealed by a garland of flowers—wonderful flowers they are, with touches of mauve and orange, blue and pink, red and green and yellow—and tiny clusters of the same flowers catch up the drapery of the lower rounce, just enough to reveal the lace petticoat. On another form, they would see a dark, very rich green velvet gown set in the making, with the round 1840 shoulderline marked by a narrow round band of fur.

A Mole Taffeta Afternoon Gown, in Which a Number of the Important Changes for the Coming Season Are Seen—the "Patch Quilt" Fur Stole and Muff of Ermine and Black Fox, the Little Hat, High, Tight Bodice and Full Skirt
("Lucie" Model)



The Original Katzenjammer Kids

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

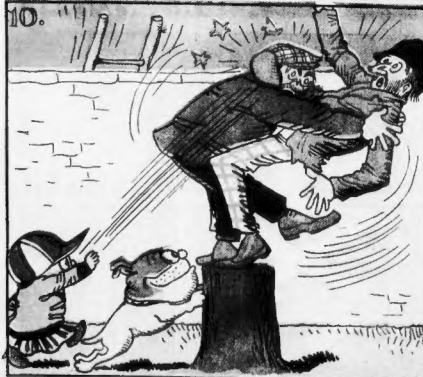
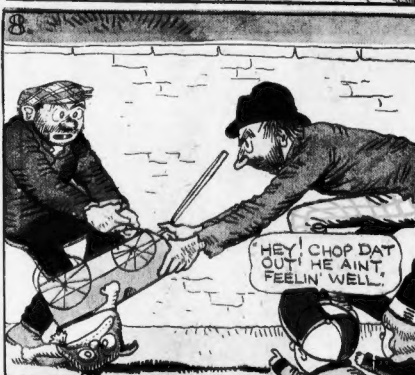
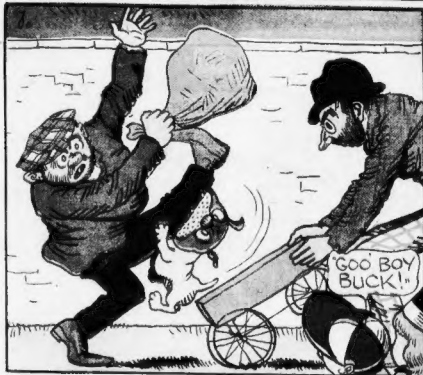




JIMMY

Buck Wins a Famous Victory, and
Pinkey Is a Hero

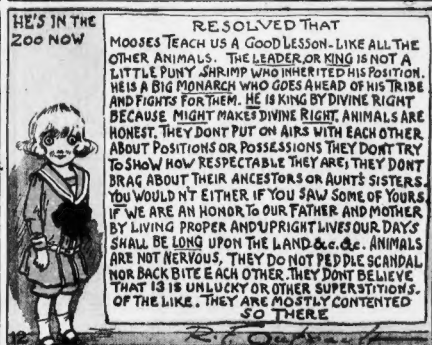
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Dear Betty
Don't ever buy a moose, he does n't belong in a house. He is n't much of a success as a pet any how. He is like the trees he belongs in the forest. He is a king in the forest, that's more than a human king is. A human king is only king on the throne - if you took all his royal robes off and put him in overalls he would n't show up half as good as any one of his subjects. A king is necessary in a royal flesh, but he is a nuisance to a country. I'd rather have a pair of deers than one king.
Goodbye Betty House.

Want a Moose?





THEIR ONLY CHILD!

It Was Wonderful the Way Snookums Took to Automobiling

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